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APRIL 1907.

Vol. VII. NO. 74
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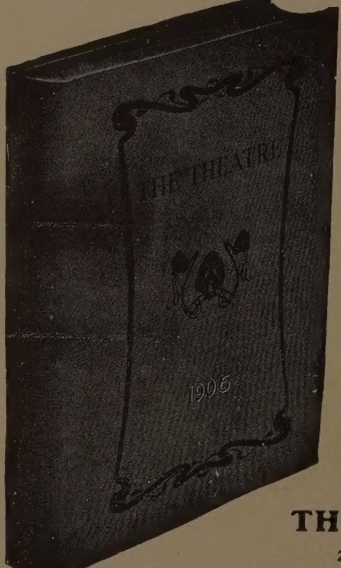
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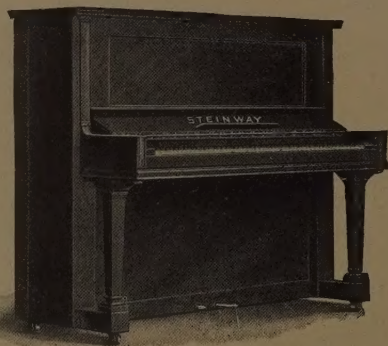
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THE THEATRE

VII., No. 74

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1907

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



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SIGNOR MARIO SAMMARCO AS RIGOLETTO

This Italian singer, who recently made his American debut at the Manhattan Opera House, is declared by the music critics to be one of the greatest baritones that this country has ever heard

Current Plays in New York's Playhouse



Hall

THE BALLET OF THE DUTCH BRIDESMAIDS IN "THE WHITE HEN" AT THE CASINO

NEW AMSTERDAM. "PEER GYNT." Dramatic poem by Henrik Ibsen. Produced February 25 with this cast:

Peer Gynt.....	Richard Mansfield	Second Peasant.....	David T. Arrey
Ase.....	Emma Dunn	An Elderly Woman.....	Alice Parks Warren
Aslak.....	Frank Kingdon	Another Elderly Woman.....	Muriel Walling
Mads Moen.....	Cecil Magnus	Kari.....	Miss Cowell
His Father.....	Marc MacDermott	Mr. Cotton.....	Mr. Kingdon
His Mother.....	Sydney Cowell	Monsieur Ballon.....	Mr. MacDermott
Solveig.....	Adelaide Nowak	Herr Von Eberkopf.....	Mr. Mendelsohn
Helga.....	Ory Dimond	Herr Trumpeterstrale.....	Ernest C. Warde
Their Father.....	James L. Carhart	Anitra.....	Irene Prahar
Their Mother.....	Vivian Bernard	Green Clad Woman.....	Gertrude Gheen
Hegstad Farmer.....	Walter Howe	Dovre King.....	Henry Wenman
Ingrid.....	Evelyn Loomis	First Troll Imp.....	Mr. Thomas
The Master Cook.....	Frank Reynolds	Second Troll Imp.....	S. B. Stoddard
First Peasant.....	James Newman	Third Troll Imp.....	Arthur Row

The "Peer Gynt" of Mr. Ibsen and the "Peer Gynt" of Mr. Mansfield are two very different things. The original dramatic poem, with infinitesimal poetic drama in it, has a single idea running through it—to wit, that man, particularly of the Scandinavian variety (for Ibsen hated his country with the fires of hell, probably because it did not give him a pension soon enough and big enough), is irredeemably vile and a fit associate of trolls and hogs. The written play has literary form of the highest order, and while its scenes have action, it abounds in words, symbolism, legend, phantasy and intangible ideas to such an extent that its reduction to theatric form is a formidable task. A dramatist, however, with common sense, which is superior to genius, and with sentiment and the love of humanity about him, could accomplish it. In doing so he might have to brush Ibsen and his genius of hate aside just as Stanley swatted out of his path a negro potentate in darkest Africa who, asquat in the road, demanded gifts and forbade his progress. In the dramatic poem there is a gleam of sweetness and purity in the characters Solveig and little Helga.

But we must leave aside the poem. It is the production that we are considering, and it strips the poem of everything but the spectacular and the sordid. According to it, Peer, a dreamer and worthless fellow, attends a wedding and carries off the bride of a simple peasant to the mountains and then heartlessly abandons her in spite of her pleadings that he should not leave her thus ruined. He meets the Green-Clad Woman

and is ready for an adventure with her and rides off with her astride a hog. This, of course, is the most obvious kind of symbolism, but as everyone may interpret symbolism in his own way, as Mr. Mansfield has recently declared in print that he is "in favor of" a constitutional monarchy for this country, we may assume that the hog in this particular case represents the American people. The Green-Clad woman is a troll, daughter of the Dovre King. The hog (on rollers) takes them to the court of the King. This court scene is a botch, conveying no real idea of weirdness and supernaturalness. Church bells ring and Peer escapes. As acted the scene is purely a matter of verbal wit, cism, superficial and unmeaning. Here is where symbolism could have triumphed over the spectacular, and here was the opportunity for spectacular effect something like Irving's scene on the Brocken. This is only one example of the compound comminuted fractures in the stage management and conception of the significance of things.

Peer now meets Solveig, who had seen him at the wedding and had witnessed his flight with the bride, and had fallen in love with him at sight, but when asked how and why and where we can not see. He leads her into a hut to be his bride. We will not quibble over the absence of the parson. Coming out from the hut happy he is confronted by the Green-Clad Woman, who introduces to him his brat, a mostrocity with a tail, who spits at him. These two are to be neighbors. He naturally feels that God's warrant is about to be served on him and decides to leave. When Solveig appears at the door he tells her to "wait." What is she to wait on? What the little patch of ground affords her a meagre subsistence. Then, why not let us have the mitigation in the conduct of the human hog?

Years later we discover Peer on the coast of Morocco seated with some friends of different nationalities, his guests on a tour in his yacht, which is lying at anchor laden with gold, the fruit of evil traffic. He explains his dream of becoming the emperor of the world. His friends do not see the practicability



Hallen

KATHERINE GREY

Who has been appearing with great success in Schnitzler's drama "The Reckoning"

his scheme, and as he strolls off to ruminate and smoke, they determine to take the ship, with its treasure, and sail away. The yacht is seen departing and then it explodes. He is left penniless. A white Arabian steed, caparisoned and laden with moneybags and jewels, strolls on. He escapes. We then have Anitra's dance. Who is Anitra to one who has not read the book? This dance is not "art." It is commercialism pure and simple, and has no significance, beauty or value whatever. The suggestion, it is said in a note in the programme, came from Ibsen. Nonsense! If true, here is the place where a dramatist with the spirit and common sense of Stanley is needed. Next is the shipwreck and Peer's encounter with Death. Here we have a symbol that everybody can understand and which is not the exclusive property of superior minds. The Boyg, on account of the storm that prevails, could be introduced to advantage at this point. The Boyg is a symbol of something in the written play. In the production he is the symbol of a property man behind the scenes speaking through a megaphone. The Boyg's advice in a previous scene was to "go around." In the present juncture (compound comminuted juncture) his advice would be to swim out. Peer does swim out. On his way to the old farm (there is no place like home) he meets the Button Man, whose campaign against him begins at once. He carries a ladle and announces that he intends to melt him up with other no-account people. It is perhaps needless to say that Peer's dreams of becoming the emperor of the world have long since vanished. Of course this was only a symbol after all, and there are symbols yet to come. Solveig, now bent and gray, has waited for Peer. He hides his face in her lap while she sings:

"I will cradle thee, I will watch thee;
Sleep and dream thou, dear my boy."

The Button Man has called back that he would meet him at the "last cross-road."

Is he redeemed or to be redeemed by the love or through the merits of a good woman? Tut, man, this is a symbol. Nobody knows or ever will know from this production. We do not mean to utterly decry Ibsen's dramatic poem, for it is the production that strips it of pretty much all that is worth while. The acting? Why speak of it? Bad acting could not make it worse and good acting couldn't redeem it.

CRITERION. "THE TATOOED MAN." Comic opera by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. Produced February 18 with this cast:

Omar Khayam, Jr.....	Frank Daniels	Alma	Gertrude Carlisle
Abdallah.....	Wm. F. Carleton	Fatima	May Vokes
Algy Cuffs.....	Harry Clarke	Miss Vandergilt, of N. Y.....	Maida Athens
Hashish.....	Nace Bonville	Miss Penn, of Phila.....	Jessie Richmond
Muley.....	George O'Donnell	Miss Lakeside, of Chicago.....	Almeda Potter
Ali.....	Gilbert Clayton	Miss Beacon, of Boston.....	Lottie Vernon
Yussuf.....	Charles Drew	Ahmed	Edna Birch
The Shah.....	Herbert Waterous	Selim	Bessie Holbrook
A Muezzin.....	Harold Russell	Hassan	Claudia Clark
Leila.....	Sallie Fisher	Canem	Jessie Carr

Having written comic operas for a quarter of a century, Harry B. Smith by this time is probably somewhat familiar with the word "conventional." Although in the matter of "The Tatooed Man" he is associated with N. C. Fowler, a name new in works of this kind, conventional is the only word to properly apply to the latest musical vehicle in which Frank Daniels is at present appearing. The scene is laid in the East and the star appears as Omar Khayam, Jr., a fake potentate, amid surroundings of a picturesque and familiar pattern. Omar is bibulous in his habits, and he goes through the customary mishaps, comic and otherwise, of the character usually associated with rôles of the kind. Victor Herbert is responsible for the score. It cannot be said that his now very popular vogue will be materially enhanced by this newest effort. Of course, it is musicianly finished, but the melodic themes are tenuous and somewhat forced, and only the orchestration saves it from being labeled as a production a little superior to the mediocre. But the staging is admirable, and again Julian Mitchell demonstrates that in fertility of invention and precision of accomplishment he has few peers in works of this kind. The chorus, too, is remarkably handsome, and the scenery and appointments are well up to that standard of Broadway excellence that calls for lavish expenditure.



Marceau

FLORENCE ROCKWELL

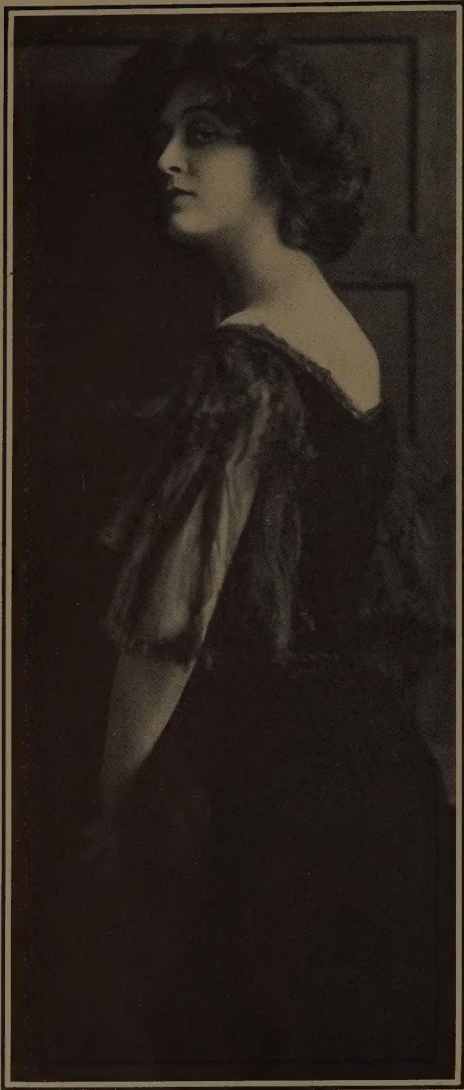
Playing the rôle of Catherine Gordon in "The Mills of the Gods" at the Astor Theatre

The Omar of Messrs. Smith and Fowler's invention is a long way removed from the Fitzgerald ideal, but it provides a fine outlet for the comic personality of the star, and the unctuous little comedian is constantly in the picture, and that, too, with almost continuously humorous effect. Sharing the honors with him is May Vokes, whose rendering of Fatima, a faded flower of uncertain years, is ripe with the spirit of true artistic fooling. Harry Clarke, an alert young comedian, gives some imitations that are apt and amusing, while Sallie Fisher, Gertie Carlisle and W. P. Carleton look after the more exacting musical numbers with cheerful skill. "The Tatooed Man" is not light art, but it serves its purpose in providing some sane and harmless fun.

MAJESTIC. "ON PAROLE." Play in 4 acts, by Louis Evan Shipman. Produced February 25 with this cast:

Tom Cress.....	Francis X. Conlan	Miss Polly Pinckney.....	Alethea Luce
Sam	Howard Pembroke	Lucy Cress.....	Helen Graham
Constance Pinckney.....	Charlotte Walker	Jefferson.....	Mr. Thomas P. Jackson
Major Francis Dale.....	Vincent Serrano	Judge Tucker Robinson.....	Mr. Scott Cooper
Capt. Allan Fraser.....	Frederick Forrester	Anita Robinson.....	Miss Fay Wheeler
Gen'l Randolph Pinckney.....	Frank E. Aiken	Capt. Rob't Pinckney.....	Mr. Morgan Coman

"On Parole" belongs to the aftermath of the Civil War plays. That it contains some elements which have been overlooked and are, in consequence, new, explains its success, primitive as it is as



EVELYN VAUGHN

Playing Helen Chester in "The Spoilers" at the New York Theatre

Southern people on receiving the intelligence of the surrender of Lee. This happens in the third act, there being a fourth act which brings the action to a close and which also contains some true touches of Southern character. In this view of the case, while the action of the play was dependent on Charlotte Walker and Vincent Serano, as the two lovers, the pathetic touch of which we speak was best emphasized by Frank E. Aiken, representing the old aristocracy. Mr. Shipman's study of Southern character is true and substantial. The technical quality of the play itself has already been described.

A young woman, daughter of an aristocratic Virginia planter, seeks or takes military information, and a Federal company discover and pursue her. She takes refuge in the shack of a poor white on or near her father's plantation, quickly slips into the dress of the daughter of this old man, and when the Major of the Federal company enters she confronts him in all the simplicity of a girl in an humble station of life. She outwits him. Later on, this Major encounters her in her father's house in the dress of and with all the refinement of her own life. He falls in love with her, and, although perplexed as to her resemblance to the girl he had met a short time before, he believes her denial that she is the same. A Captain, the Major's companion, is convinced that she is the spy they have been looking for. Orders are given that no one is to leave the house. She does leave, and summons a troop of Confederate soldiers who suddenly appear and shoot down the Captain. This is perhaps an illogical theatrical trick to bring down the curtain, but in the meanwhile the play of love between the Major and the daughter of the South continues. In the last

a play. There is no subject that is absolutely outworn. A great Civil War play can yet be written and be accepted by the public with enthusiasm. That material, with other material in this country, has not been more than touched. The recurrent saying by managers that such and such a subject has been entirely used up is never true. Conventional forms may come to a practical end, but not the material. We might say that a New England witch play was impossible today. The conventional dramatic form of it certainly is. What, then, is the novelty in treatment in Mr. Louis Evan Shipman's kindergarten play? It lies almost entirely in showing the sentiment of the

act, after the surrender of Lee, it is the Major who brings back home the wounded brother of the girl, who had been in the Confederate Army, and reconciliations and happiness are effected. It is a simple story, carried out without particular skill, but pleasing in its episodes and some of its characters.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE." Play in 4 acts, by Channing Pollock. Produced during the spring of 1906 in Springfield, Mass., and on the road ever since. Presented for the first time in New York, February 25, with this cast:

William Latimer.....	Byron Douglas	Jackson	Robert Evans
Edward Ramsay.....	Sam Reed	Detective Burke.....	Jermyn Fuller
Bishop Van Wagenen..	Malcolm Bradley	Mrs. Mary Latimer.....	Rose Etyngne
Tom Dorgan.....	James Keane	Mrs. Edward Ramsay.....	Kate Jepson
Frederick Obermuller..	Aubrey Beattie	Nellie Ramsay.....	Mary Faber
Harry Van Ness.....	Earnest C. Joy	Mag Monahan.....	Lavana Shannon
Burnett	Harry Ford	Miss Wallace.....	Jane Fielding
Forbes	Francis Alkin	Mrs. Lane.....	Caroline Morette
Toole	Harry Chapman	Nance Olden.....	Jessie Busley

The legal definition of burglary requires that there be a breaking in with intent to steal. The intent is everything. One found in another's house at midnight with a jimmy and a dark lantern or even in the guise or disguise of a more or less inebriated gentleman (a dress suit in some plays and among some people being sufficient to make a gentleman) is inevitably investigated. The intent of "In the Bishop's Carriage" is evil, and burglarious. With certain "strong" situations tending to melodrama, it is really a comedy of thieves. The girl cracksman is played by Miss Busley, with all that is dangerous in smiling witchery and with all that is formidable in liteness, buoyancy and brightness. As a purely personal matter, Byron Douglas, who plays the part of a "leading attorney" might fall in love with her, but there is nothing in the play itself to make it reasonable for a lawyer to become infatuated with a notorious criminal. Nance Olden remains criminal minded to the end of the play. The whole story of the play is impossible in life. It trifles with every honest impulse and every true sentiment. There is not a particle of sincerity of purpose in it, only the commercial spirit of making money out of dishonest laughter and misguided applause. The infatuated lawyer, in his plan to reform the incorrigible, introduces her to a vaudeville manager, who asks her if she has ever done any work.

"When?"

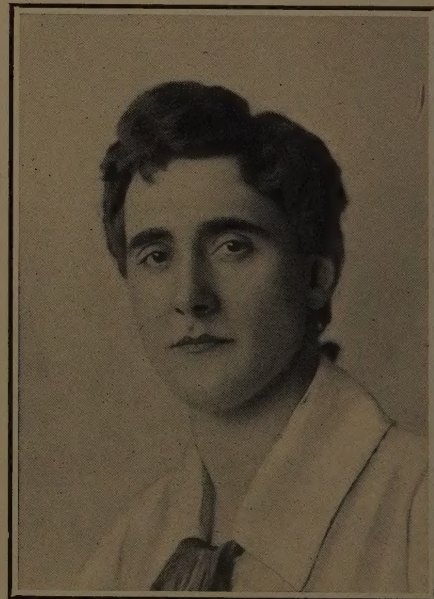
"Usually at night."

"What did you get?"

"Oh, usually silverware and jewelry——"

Whereupon the delightful little actress claps her soft little hand to her mouth, and, with a good bit of business, retreats behind the sideboard and, as she archly looks about to witness the effect of her slip, the galleries voice their approval. The wit is largely made up of such bits as this: "I will see you later." "Not if I see you first."

It is not worth while to dwell on this piece of job work. It is true that Mr. Pollock shows some skill in joinery. The stage is always advancing. No one need be a pessimist to despise plays of this kind. They weaken the moral side of playwriting, just as symbolic plays and others of the unintelligible kind weaken the intellectual side. Our stage is simply having a little period of distress between high art and low art.



Bangs

LEY VERNON

Talented young English tenor who made his American debut with success in "The Rose of the Alhambra" at the Majestic Theatre recently

TOR. "THE MILLS OF THE GODS." Play in 4 acts, by George Broadhurst. Produced March 4 with this cast:

Clarke.....Robert Drouet	Sam Furbish.....Toby Lyons
ick Payton.....Edgar Selwyn	Counsel for Defence.....Frank Sheridan
S. Thornhill.....Harrison Armstrong	Richard Blake.....Scott Siggins
Peter Andrews.....William Humphrey	Catherine Gordon.....Florence Rockwell
as F. Newton.....Charles Lane	Edith Gilman.....Louise Closser
Marcus.....Frank Sheridan	Lillian Newton.....Queenie Phillips
Gordon.....Joseph Tuohy	Edith Hawkins.....Alice Martin
Lydia Furlong.....Doris Mitchell	

The title of a play is no trivial matter, and the dramatists search wide in the concordances for something unusual. Sometimes these treasure-trove titles are innocuous, apt or inapt, while others are deadly in that they invite facetious comment. If your play has anything about a ship in it, that ship, in nearly all the critical comments on the play, except in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, is sure to "go down with all hands." In the same way it was inevitable that "The Mills of the Gods" should "grind slowly." We do not entirely agree with this verdict, but, in spite of our strongest desire not to take advantage of the title, we cannot by any possibility resist the opportunity of saying that the grist from Broadhurst's mill is coarse and that the grain is poor.

John Boucicault, full of bright and sometimes paradoxical epigrams, did serious damage to the art of playwriting, which he knew so well, when he said that "All the plays have been written." This, of course, is not true. It is absolutely false. It all depends upon the method. For example, Mr. Broadhurst's successful play of political corruption, "The Mah of the Hour," was an excellent written play. We cannot say that of "The Mills of the Gods." The present play would confirm what the sometimes cynical Boucicault was in the habit of saying. A stage manager or actor continually in the atmosphere of acted plays takes the epigram seriously, for he cannot get out of that atmosphere, and the operation of his mind is confined to the past. Mr. Broadhurst in this play is commercial. As old as the material is, he shows unusual and successful expertness in many of its scenes.

The first act is a trial scene. Few of such scenes are ever successful. They may be easy to write, but they are hard to act well. This trial scene is photographic in its minuteness, resting from every point of view. The rapid reading of the oath by the clerk, the dignity of the judge, the shrewdness and manners of the contending lawyers, all probably having a natural bearing, are exceedingly well contrived and acted. The play as a whole, however, is insincere and without significance. The machinery of the play (without the slightest intentional reference to it as Mr. Broadhurst's mill) works with mechanical precision. It is true that some of its parts might well be rejected, but the machinery does work out its plotty plot. The play concerns a model young man who embezzles from the firm employing him, in order to send a beloved sister to some climate in which her health would be restored. He expects to be able to turn the money inasmuch as a legacy of a few thousand dollars was to be paid to him shortly. A fellow clerk discovers his crime, which Mr. Broadhurst would have us believe was no crime at all, and forces him to take other sums in order to silence the blackmailer. They are both sent to the penitentiary. The good young man escapes before his time expires and establishes himself in the employment of a manufacturer at Pittsburg. He is engaged to marry the daughter of his employer. His past does not trouble him in the least in his love affair or in any other way until his blackmailing friend turns up and forces him to acknowledge him as his friend and to put him forward socially and in business. The pendulum of the action of "The Mills of the Gods" swings with a steady tick from this time forward; but the animation in the action or rapidity in the plot can make it anything but disagreeable. The blackmailed semi-innocent man answers to the old conundrum, "Which would you rather be? as big a fool as you look or look as big a fool as you are?" The question has never been answered before. Mr. Broadhurst's demigod is manly enough, for in the highest emergency of the conflict between him and his own private blackmailer, he locks the doors of the room and does an amount of talking about what he is going to do to him that should be very pleasing to some audiences. Indeed he does do something to him. He chokes him nearly

to death, but is prevented from becoming an innocent murderer in addition to being an innocent embezzler. The mechanism of the play makes him do things that are only done in plays. All things come to the semi-innocent man here in the end, and "he marries the girl," the blackmailer having disappeared into space through the open door to pursue his playful malignities elsewhere. If the play were a problem play, which its theme inevitably suggests, it would have to have a different treatment; but it is simply a commercial product and nothing more.



HENRY MILLER AS STEPHEN GHENT IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE"



Hall

FRANK DANIELS IN "THE TATOODED MAN"

There is some remarkably good acting in the play. Robert Drouet makes the very best possible out of the almost impossible character of the innocent embezzler. Florence Rockwell, a competent and pleasing actress, had a hopeless part. Harrison Armstrong, as a young man in the primitive and awkward stage of manhood was more sympathetic than the principal actor in the cast. We could mention a number of capital bits of acting on the part of a number engaged in the play, but we are concerned only with the play itself. Little bits of comedy and bits of good acting do not make a play. The minor actors in the play were more entertaining and human than the chief characters. Mr. Broadhurst is very skillful in the use of subordinate scenes and episodes and characters.

HERALD SQUARE. "WIDOWERS' HOUSES." Comedy in three acts, by George Bernard Shaw. Produced March 7 with this cast:

Wm. De Burgh Cokane.....	Herbert Kelcey	Blanche, his daughter.....	Effie Shannon
Dr. Henry Trench.....	Henry Kolker	A. Porter.....	Harold Williams
A. Waiter.....	Frank Davis	Lickcheese.....	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Mr. Sartorius.....	William F. Hawtre	The Parlor Maid.....	Adelyn Wesley

It was of "Widowers' Houses," written in part in collaboration with Mr. Archer in 1885, and presented in revised form at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1892, that Mr. Shaw wrote: "It made a sensation out of all proportion to its merits or even its demerits, and I at once became infamous as a dramatist. I had not achieved a success, but I had provoked an uproar, and the sensation was so agreeable that I resolved to try again." Mr. Shaw is still provoking uproars, although there is a growing tendency toward weariness on the part of the public and, while "Widowers' Houses" will not cause the sensation here that it did in the England of twenty-two years ago, the Irish writer is a play-

cobbler of such versatility that everything he writes must command some degree of attention.

Municipal jobbery and dishonest landlords are not confined to British territory, and the point of the satire is not blunted by being shipped across the Atlantic. The story concerns the fortunes of those "pleasant people" of independent incomes, who imagine that the sordid method of its accumulation can not touch their own guarded lives. Young Dr. Trench becomes engaged to Blanche Sartorius, daughter of the most notorious slum landlord in London. When the doctor learns the source of his prospective bride's fortune, he refuses to touch it until he is acquainted with the fact that his own income is derived from mortgages on the same property. Self-interest changes the point of view, and the virtue of the young enthusiast melts away before the threatened loss of his income. He even joins with Sartorius and Lickcheese, the latter a transformed under-agent, in agreeing to improve the tenements, not from any philanthropic motives, but from the hope of compensation from city authorities who are shortly to tear them down. He is thus made an accomplice to those he had denounced, but restored to the favor of his lady.

The play is characteristic of Shaw in that, while pretending to point a moral, it consistently avoids doing anything of the kind. With every situation one expected to detect the drift of the playwright, which the wily playwright was instilling in the lines, but as soon as he appeared to be pinned down to one platform, he darted, like Launcelot Gobbo, to the other side and stood laughing at his misguided dupes. The truth is that Mr. Shaw, while anxious to diagnose the maladies in our social system, is impotent to prescribe a remedy. He is merely a trifler, a dealer in persiflage.

(Continued on page xii.)



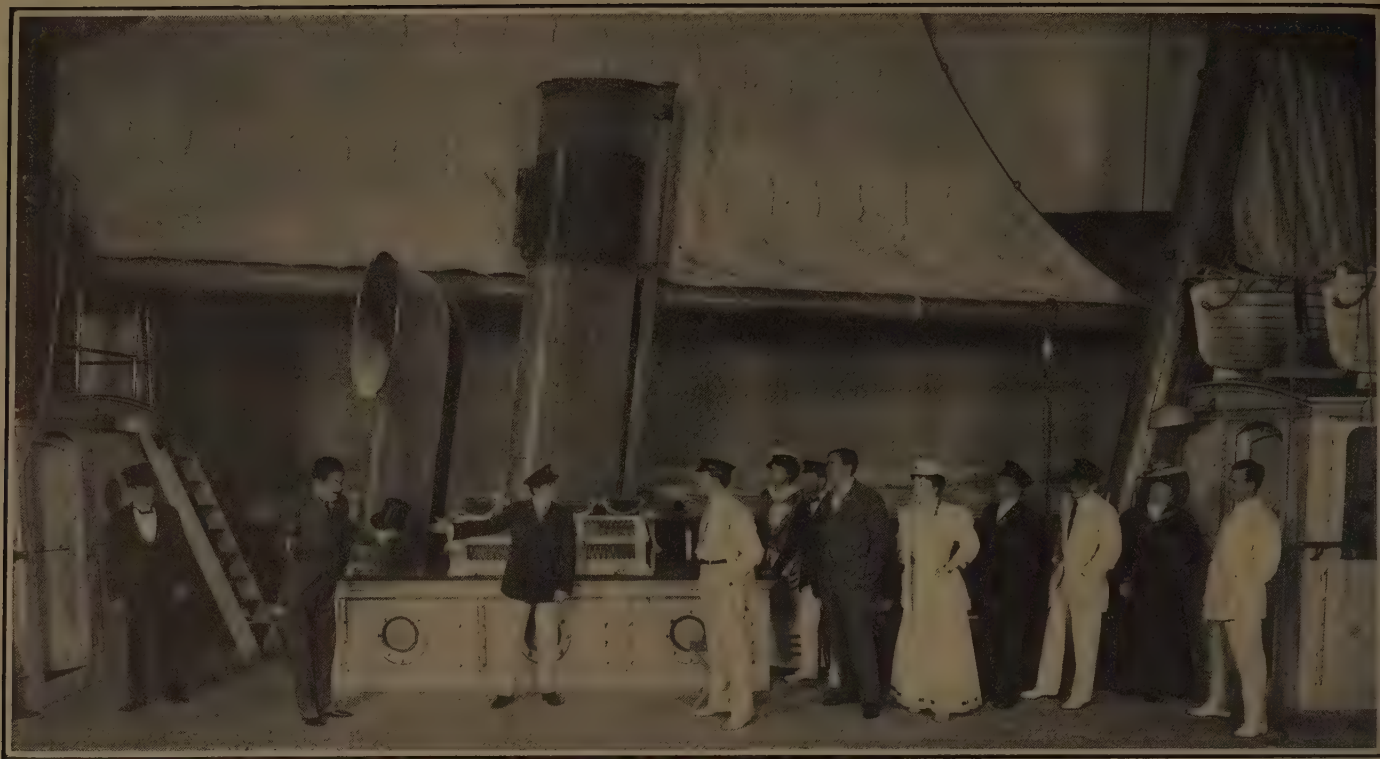
Hall

MAY VOKES AS FATIMA IN "THE TATOODED MAN"



White

WILLIAM H. CRANE AS HARDCASTLE AND ELLIS JEFFREYS AS KATE HARDCASTLE
In a revival of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy "She Stoops to Conquer"



Edward Abeles
THE YACHT SCENE IN "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS," NOW AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

Big Metropolitan Theatre Directed by a Woman

THE theatrical world has known many women who have acted successfully in the capacity of stage and road managers, but few have exhibited the necessary acumen to pilot the career of a metropolitan theatre without disastrous results. At the present time there is but one woman in this country who is the manager of a theatre in the strictest sense of the word, who superintends every detail, commercial, financial and artistic, in the intricate business of the theatre. There are women associated with theatres who have their staff of men to manage the commercial details, but Elizabeth Schober, of the Bush Temple Theatre, Chicago, stands alone as the successful manager of a stock company in a theatre, every detail of the management of which rests in her own hands. Neither the late Mrs. John Drew, when she took over the management of the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia at one time, nor Mrs. D'Oyly Carte in the management of the Savoy, London, performed their duties with more éclat. Yet Miss Schober has but just finished her third season in a business of which previous to that time she knew nothing.

It is a wide leap from the management of a shoe factory to a theatre, but that is the leap which this energetic young woman has taken. With the advantage of a thorough commercial training, gained as the manager of a shoe factory in Dixon, Ill., where several million dollars' worth of business passed through her hands each year, she came to the Bush Temple well equipped to cope with the trying, multifarious details of a stock company house.

"How I came to make the change," said Miss Schober, "is difficult to explain. It was one of those complete revolutions which come only rarely in people's lives, remaking their whole trend of thought, changing their entire outlook upon life. I was not long in the business to learn that the same methods which bring suc-

cess in mercantile commerce were equally applicable to the theatrical business; that as you build your organization, so you can measure your success or reap your failure. I set about immediately to surround myself in the business and mechanical departments with men whom I could trust, who were devoted to my interest, and above all who were interested in the general success. I then set about to gather a company—one which would be evenly balanced—the various members possessing personality, and a reasonable degree of unselfishness, and prepared to sink self for the general good. So much for the organization. Now a word as to its workings. It was the lamented Lincoln who said that 'you cannot fool the public all the time.' I want to add that you cannot afford to fool them any part of the time. Make your offering so attractive that the public will come again and go forth as mouth to mouth advertisement of the excellence of your wares. But probably no business has so many ups and downs as that of the theatre. The successful manager of today is the failure of to-morrow. With some measure of success, he relaxes his vigilance, and forgetting the fact that his wares are not a necessity, then comes his downfall."

"Keep abreast of life in all its phases. Be interested in all things," is the advice of this interesting woman. Gifted with poise, self-confidence, tact, an even disposition, intelligence, energy and a sane interest in all things, she has achieved as much as any man has achieved, given the same conditions, with the added charm of a woman's presence always in the theatre. There is nothing in the conduct of her playhouse which Miss Schober disdains to perform, from engaging the stage manager and the company to selling tickets in the box office. In fact, she superintends the work of her entire staff, both in the box office and on the stage. She hires the stage hands and the scenic artists, advising



ELIZABETH SCHOBOR

them in their work; she selects the plays, orders the printing, looks over and criticises rehearsals, giving many valuable hints, as well as attending to the many commercial details necessary. Besides this, she makes periodical trips to other cities to look over other stock companies, to find capable players, and to keep the standard of her own company as high as any in the country.

It is an absorbing business to which Miss Schober gives herself up, brain and soul. She is indefatigable, and may be found in the theatre or at her desk from eleven in the morning until midnight. So far as the public is concerned, she opens the doors of her theatre to them in the spirit of a hostess, entertaining each day several hundred personal friends. She reads their letters of approval or criticism, replies to all, looks after their comfort as well as that of the players in the company with a certain sympathetic femininity, which even commerce cannot eradicate from the character of a level-headed woman. Though a woman of marked individuality, she is far from being eccentric; she dresses with taste, chats pleasantly always with her players, and treats her staff with consideration. Yet she exercises a certain amount of reasonable discipline, with the result that the intricate machinery moves smoothly

and well for the most part. At moments of friction, she exhibits force and justice and in every way exercises the power of a man with the persuasive charm of a woman.

Miss Schober *personally* attends to everything, from counting up to overlooking rehearsals, superintending the scene painting, and picking out costumes and setting. In fact, there is nothing about the theatre that she isn't right after all the time. Besides this, she is constantly stirred up over some misunderstanding with a member of the company. It's a continual tempest in a teapot. It indicates unusual nervous force, for she emerges each day placid and smiling, leaving any number of emotional wrecks behind. At those crises when a man would swear, Miss Schober sometimes cries, but it isn't often.

The Bush Temple Theatre has tone. None but first-class successes are produced. Miss Schober makes an effort to secure the best plays as soon as they become available for stock purposes. The light comedy bills are the most popular. In addition, she makes two or three original productions each season. The little theatre is the rendezvous for as intelligent and fashionable a following as any playhouse may boast. L. FRANCE PIERCE.



White

Harriet Worthington

Ralph Stuart

Act IV. Cherry Malotte says good-bye to Roy Glenister

SCENE IN "THE SPOILERS," A DRAMATIZATION OF THE NOVEL, NOW AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

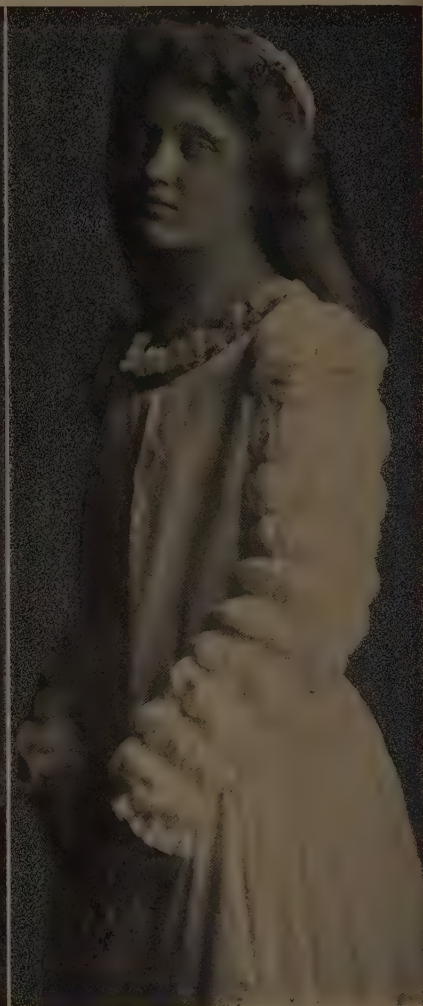
Smith Girls to Present "Hamlet" in New York



EMMA LOOMIS AS POLONIUS



ELSIE KEARNS AS HAMLET



HAZEL GOES AS OPHELIA

THE Smith College production of "Hamlet," to be given in Carnegie Lyceum on April 8th and 9th, promises to be especially unique. The problem of these players is not the traditional "to be or not to be" of the melancholy Dane, but a practical question of money. The Smith alumnae are working to complete the fund of \$125,000, half of which sum was the generous gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie on the condition that the other half be raised by alumnae and friends of the college. The class of 1906, whose presentation of "Hamlet" was the dramatic offering of their commencement week, volunteered to repeat the performance for the fund. The attempt presented no little difficulties, but energy and enterprise are characteristic traits of the American college woman, and the alumnae in and about New York have taken the matter up with hearty co-operation. They realize that a Shakespearian production presented, managed and performed by young women in a metropolis which is the centre of all things dramatic, away from the familiar environments, the praise and inspirational plaudits of fellow-students, out of the college atmosphere, must necessarily suffer in many respects. But the young women are after all glad of a chance to prove the merit of their work in a larger field and to discredit the laughing jibes of the critics whose witticisms are being plumed for the occasion.

About half of the original cast will take part, coming from all parts of the country. Miss Elsie Kearns, who enacted the Hamlet with such intelligence and dignity, is living in New York and will again have the part. Miss Hazel Goes comes from Chicago to take her original rôle of Ophelia, as do the actors of Horatio and of the Ghost. Two of the performers come from Boston, one from Cincinnati and several from the Jerseys. The rest of the cast

is made up from alumnae mostly living in New York. Miss Gertrude Dyer, class of '97, whose remarkable performance of Shylock is still a

tradition in the college, is to take the part of the Queen. The King is to be played by Miss Eda Bruna, who graduated in 1902 and has been on the professional stage for two years. Miss Bruna has appeared with Arnold Daly in several Shaw rôles and is now playing the typewriter in "Brewster's Millions." The management has agreed to substitute an understudy for the two evenings.

The rehearsals of the play began about two months ago and have been full of interest. The girls, coming from different directions, are engaged in different pursuits, represent different environments, yet are held together by that deep bond of loyalty which is especially characteristic of Smith. The "mob" is composed, not only of girls from the class just graduated, but from classes all the way back to the eighties. There are young married women in the cast who are telling each other anecdotes of the Only Baby. There are teachers and writers, there are artists and housekeepers. The talk is not of the road, but of the home or of old college days.

Alfred Young, of the Academy of Dramatic Arts, who has had the direction of the Smith dramatics for some years, is in charge of the New York production. The incidental music is by Miss Amy Maher, class of 1906, and is said to be original and effective, more dramatic and less academic than college compositions usually are. The music will be conducted by Prof. Henry Dyke Sleeper, head of the Music School of the college, who comes to New York for the purpose. One disappointment that has come is the fact that the fire regulations require that the regular ushers of the theatre be employed, so that the custom of having the best-looking girls serve in this capacity cannot be observed. VIRGINIA FRAME.

Yale Boys to Produce Ibsen's "Pretenders"



GILBERT L. STARK, '07,
As King Hakon



CHARLES R. HOPKINS, '07,
As Bishop Nicholas



THOMAS ACHELIS, '08,
As Earl Skule



HARVEY J. WARREN, '10,
As Peter

"THE Pretenders," the play through which Henrik Ibsen took his place as one of the world's great dramatists, will be produced for the first time in America early in April by the Yale University Dramatic Association. There will be six performances given: two in Hartford, two in New York, and two in New Haven.

The Yale Dramatic Association has become noted for its ambitious efforts, having produced, under the direction of Frank Lea Short, Miracle and Elizabethan plays, Shakespearian dramas, as well as modern comedies,—all in the most earnest spirit. The selection of Ibsen's story of the historical struggle for supremacy between two of Norway's most picturesque figures,—Hakon, the young king, and Earl Skule, the regent,—was the culmination of a desire to be seen in the masterpiece of the Norwegian dramatist.

"The Pretenders" was written six years after the philistinism of "Love's Comedy" had aroused a storm of indignation which had resulted practically in the excommunication of the dramatist. Before this time he had either been ignored or slightly referred to. In one case a critic named him "the great cipher." Yet Ibsen was grudgingly acknowledged to have "a technical and artistic talent, but nothing of what can be called genius." It was during this period of execration, while mentally comparing his lot with that of fortune's favorite, his fellow countryman, Björnson, that Ibsen wrote "The Pretenders."

For years Björnson, firm in his belief in his brother-poet, had been using his influence to Ibsen's advantage; yet in these months of troublous doubt of his fitness as a poet and a dramatist, comparing his own hard lot with that of Björnson, Ibsen portrayed himself as Earl Skule, the uncertain one, and Björnson as Hakon, for whom all things happened easily.

The dramatic material in Hakon Hakonsson's Saga appealed to Ibsen so strongly that the book was issued in October, 1863, though dated 1864, while the play was produced on January 17th of the latter year. But not until after "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" were produced was this marvelous play able to arouse public interest.

The character of Bishop Nicholas, the crafty churchman, may well live in the annals of the stage as a companion picture to that of Richelieu. His death scene, which is largely the result of poetic license, is one of the most masterly ever given an actor to portray. Poulsen made one of the triumphs of his career as this

Machiavelian plotter, who left doubt as his legacy to the two great antagonists. Without Bishop Nicholas, the central figure though it be, "The Pretenders" could yet be one of the great literary works, so interesting is the struggle for supremacy between the two leaders, Hakon and Skule.

History has been supplemented rather than contradicted in this marvelous play, widened and deepened rather than misinterpreted. The motives which are the life-springs of a drama have been most liberally supplied by Ibsen, as history is necessarily silent on this subject. Effects only are dealt with by the historian—the poet must bring forth the hidden thoughts which govern the beings of whom he sings.

The king-thought which actuates Hakon,—peace between warring factions,—which Earl Skule could neither understand nor tolerate until late in life, is the central ideality of the play.

At times, in the successes of Hakon, Skule feels that the Deity himself is arraigned against the enemies of the young king; again, his own victory in plan or battle gives him encouragement that his is a righteous and just cause. So the soul-battle rages within Skule under Ibsen's marvelous touch.

HELEN AVERY HARDY.



T. LAWRASON RIGGS, '10, AS MARGRETE

Novelli as the Moor of Venice

THE optimism and "good cheer" of professional, religious and ethical cant, the smug idealism that declares this to be the "best of all possible worlds"—what does it say before Othello? If "King Lear" is the tragedy of paternal love, "Othello" is the tragedy of friendship and love founded on temperament. Whether a man trusts or hates, gives his all or gives nothing, the earthly fate that awaits him is written on the eternal parchments without any attention being paid to his actions. Othello the Moor is a mote in a web of passion, a pawn in the fingers of indifferent gods, a thing hustled hither and thither over a field where the manoeuvres of the Eternal are going on. Othello is mankind, each one of us. Iago is the incarnation of the malign laws that play upon us.

Othello is an optimist. He believes in human nature. And see how

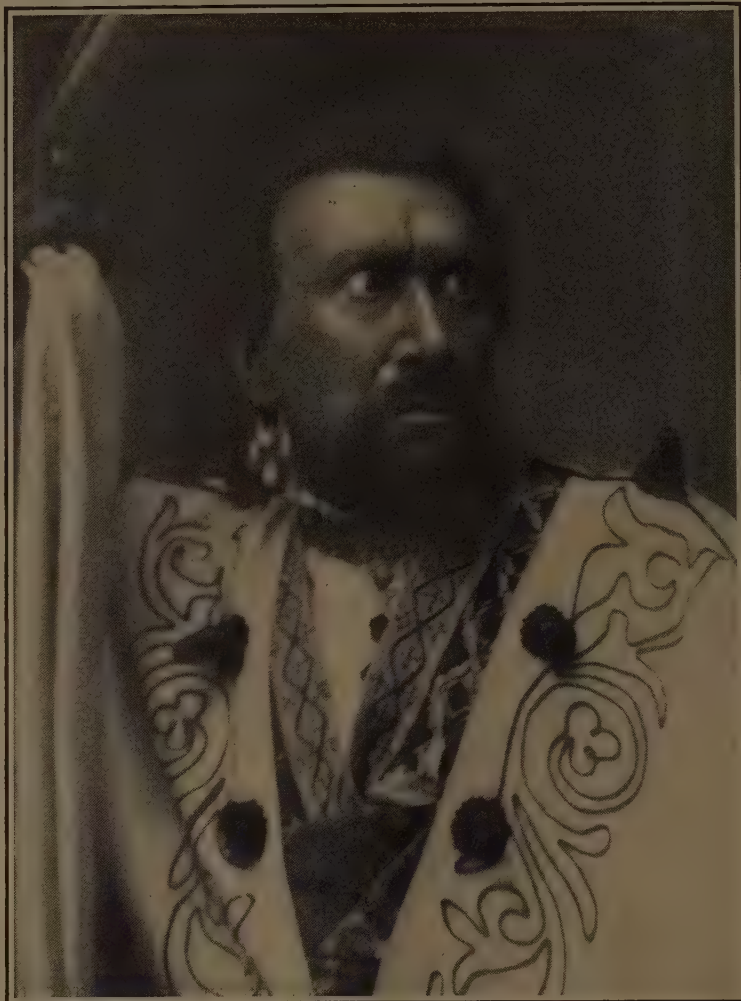
Shakespeare sends him to his damnation! With what subtle, silent motions do the Destinies, using Iago as a catspaw, weave their filaments of adamant around this trustful nature!—this nature damned by a fine virtue, discovered, routed, bludgeoned to the earth by an ingrained optimistic faith in the goodness of mankind; played upon like a child, all his stops and vents discovered by his ancient Iago—Iago who is Shakespeare's most perfect creation, from the standpoint of pure artistry.

Iago is the fiend par excellence of dramatic literature. He is the quiet, grim underminer of two lives, a thin-lipped cynic mouthing upon the Rialto a wisdom as ancient as the serpent's. His sense of touch is exquisite. He knows the weakness of every man and woman, and can smile while he rubs a raw wound.

Iago is Evil triumphant, Evil unrepentant, Evil that marauds because life bores, Evil that bites and tears and rends because, like Hedda Gabler, it is afflicted with a stupendous ennui. The trivial motive with which Shakespeare sets the actions of Iago in motion—his lack of preferment—explains the drama, but does not explain Iago. The infamy of Iago would have wreaked itself wherever it could. Othello was an incident.

There is no penalty in this play for evil-doing. Othello is, technically, an immoral play.

It is Othello who goes out in utter spiritual darkness; and, though Iago is gyved, he stands triumphant, even majestic. His last words are Sphinx-like: "Demand me nothing; what you know, you know; from this time forth I never will speak a word."



Sciutto, Genoa

ERMETE NOVELLI AS OTHELLO

Othello and Desdemona cold in death. Iago scorning Death and the Law like a god! Anarchy and immortality thou wert born of William Shakespeare!

Signor Novelli's Othello is not up to the standard that he has set as Lear and Shylock. But with all its failings it is still a noteworthy embodiment. There is something too keen, too knowing, too froward in the Italian actor's conception of the Moor.

In his eye there is the passion, in his step the dignity and in his voice the ring of authority; but the characterization as a whole lacks what might be called "atmosphere." There are moments, as in the last act, in the chamber of Desdemona, that Novelli touches the supreme in his art. Here is a soul burst asunder, a great heart split, the shrieking of the Eumenides as they draw taut the last shred in that web from which there is no going forth this side of the

tomb. Signor Novelli here has conceived the Tragic Spirit and wrings it, naked and aghast, in our faces.

But, after all, if "King Lear" was the excuse for Cordelia, "Othello" was the excuse for Iago.

In "Ædipus Rex" Novelli is not seen at his best. "The greatest tragedy ever written"—the phrase comes easy to the tongue, and we may use it of at least a dozen famous masterpieces. But if there is a scale of values in the use of adjectives, then we unhesitatingly affirm that that scale must be forever set in the use of the phrase "the greatest tragedy of all time" by the "Ædipus Rex."

It is the greatest tragedy of all time because, better than any tragedy ever conceived, it shows us in one majestic sweep of the pen the inexorability of Law, the complexity of the relations of man to man, the hideous possibilities that lie ambushed in this infinite combination and recombination of matter and motion which we call life, and because it sweeps forever from its throne the beneficent providence which the fear and cunning optimism of man have shaped deep within the heart of his imaginings.

Only Job and "Faust" compare in loftiness of theme with this most terrible and forbidding of all tragedies, and in technique Job and "Faust" are bungled when one compares to them the swift action of "Ædipus Rex," the marvelous joinery of event to event, the rigid precision with which the monstrous jaws of a predestined Doom are made to open and swallow with a mathematical gulp those two pitiful motes, Ædipus and Jocasta.

(Continued on page vi.)

The Fatal Fascination of Playwriting

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH

MY friend the playreader was carefully emphasizing the difference between a playwright and a writer of plays. His discouraged tone indexed an inward desolation of spirit in curious contrast to the grand army of play-comers mobilizing on Broadway—the ever-impressive spectacle, with its squares of lights and finery, acres of motors in motion, its miles of moths and of lights twinkling and beckoning them forth from twenty theatres with a sort of yellow joy. Turning from the window which

commanded the kaleidoscopic scene and noting my glance of inquiry, my friend bleakly vouchsafed that while there are scarcely a hundred playwrights in the United States to-day—men and women who not only pen plays but have the genius to secure their production—there are—well, quite as many writers of plays as there are figures of speech with which to successfully enumerate them.

Nowadays, of course, every one writes—usually before thinking. Chance may direct his or her efforts to the short story or even novel; most beginners stumble early into verse, and a few remain loyal to the essay. Of those who write essays or special articles and verse, quite a number may hope to succeed, even with those whose chosen vehicle is the

short story. The only requirements in the way of a working capital are pen, paper and, what is cheaper, enough imagination and facility of expression to clothe a naked idea in presentable language. There are indeed many men and women of education whose novels suffice to keep the wolf well out of the drawing room.

But, my friend the playreader sighed, every one who has written professionally in this gilded age of letters must forthwith attempt the easiest, in fancy, and, in fact, most difficult form of expression—the drama.

Why, with this obviously so,—has playwriting such an irresistible attraction—such a fatal fascination—for the average person who, in other directions, is governed, or at least influenced, by common sense? No such pentup Utica curbs his abundant optimism and really pathetic ignorance with respect to the craft he views so lightly. Doctors and lawyers in legion; players themselves and professors by the thousand; bankers, brokers and bishops by the hundred; soldiers and sailors by the score; civil engineers and those that are not so civil when their dramatic aspirations are dampened; nurses, society women, restaurateurs, cooks and conductors, brakemen, clerks and clergymen in shoals; dowagers, dentists and draymen, magnates and missionaries—no trade or profession but is grotesquely misrepresented in the curious category. And, what is equally remarkable, a fair majority of them are quite as clever in the conduct of their own callings as they are remiss and reckless in the profession to which they arbitrarily elect themselves.

Of course the answer to the foregoing query is obvious, in that the average successful play is so much more profitable than the average best-selling novel—that one can get rich no quicker in Wall street than by writing a dramatic success—that seven in ten authors, to mention them exclusively, are obsessed by the long, green vistas of reward radiating from the box office.

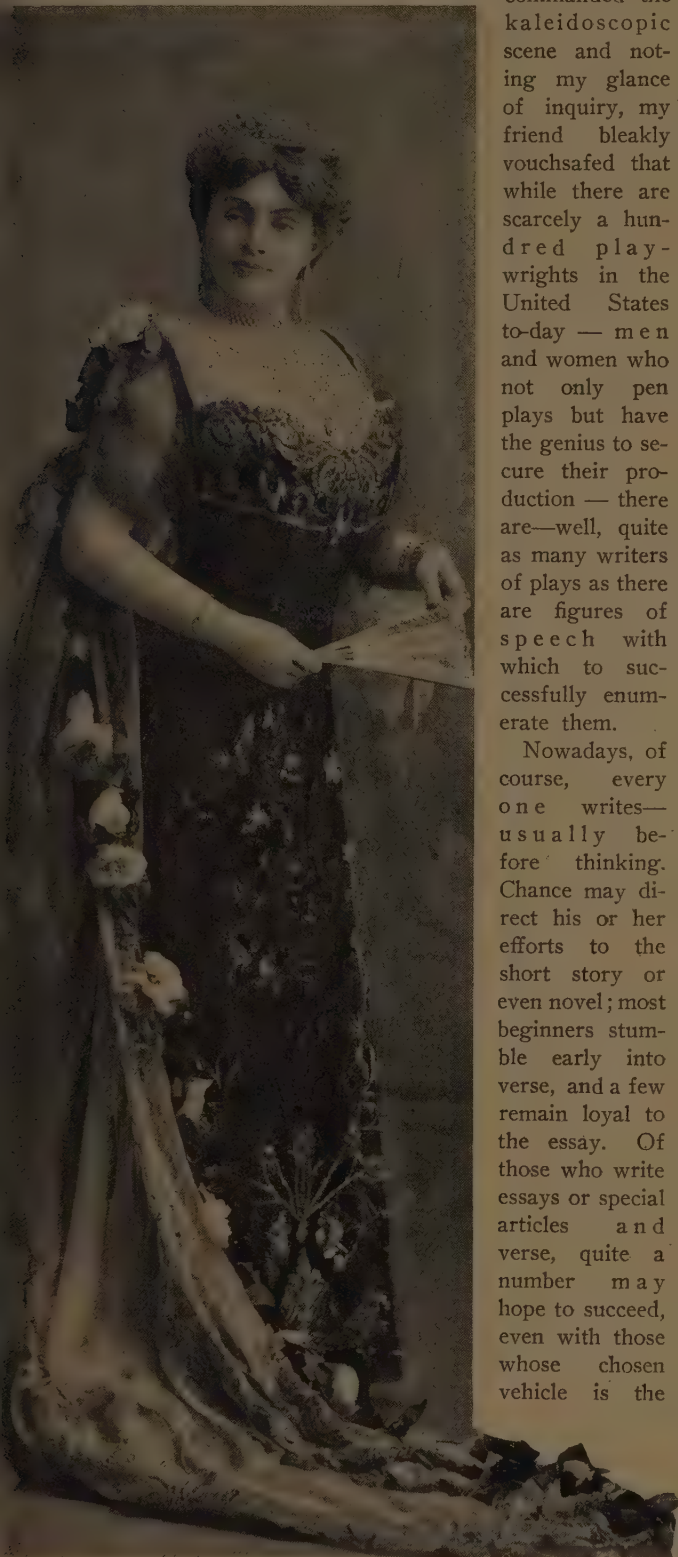
And undeniably the stage is a golden treasury for those who have the open sesame. Nearly a dozen contemporary playwrights are making, or have made, between \$60,000 and \$120,000 a year as Aladdins in this country of illusion—as playwrights. But what of the writers of plays?

What are the chances that an unsolicited manuscript will be accepted and the play eventually produced? A dozen leading American playreaders and producers, to whom the question was broached, unanimously agreed that the chances were one in a hundred—and even at that the playgoing public inverts its thumb with a frequency which spells death to sixty per cent. of the plays brought out annually under the most approved directions, and despair, if not disaster, to the luckless producer.

Nothing, in homely phrasing, other than the rear quarters of a mule, is more uncertain than the success of a play. "I have been reading and writing plays for twenty-three unlucky and lucky years," admitted the candid playreader, "and yet to-day even my presumption forbids my claiming to know in advance anything about the successful qualities of a production, that is, of course, a debatable one.

"I have brought out plays that have netted us and the author from \$100,000 to \$125,000 annually, real money in the bargain, and yet I do not trust my own judgment, as a court of last resort, in gauging the appealing, and therefore popular, merits of a play. For this reason we playreaders and producers are disposed to have charity toward all and prejudices toward few or none who think they are valid when the chances are a thousand to one that they will never be anything—as playwrights." And this playreader is not only a reader and producer of plays, but is a dramatist whose annual royalties for some years have piled themselves into five generous figures.

Evidently his trials had become tribulations during the day, and,



MME. REJANE IN HER NEW PLAY "LA SAVELLI"

when queried on the subject, he hesitated over a mass of correspondence which had drifted on his desk. Presently he extended a letter written in a commonplace, labored hand by aid of rule and line. The spelling was reminiscent of Stevenson, and the tone of the document was couched in simple, despairing phrases which admitted of no doubt as to the truth and sincerity of the writer.

She was living alone—quite alone—with her little daughter. She had maintained herself for many years by teaching in a southern educational institution, but somehow her employers had become dissatisfied, and had engaged a younger, more energetic successor. So she had retreated, beaten, to a mid-western community where, wearying of writing magazine stories for nothing, she naïvely confided that she had written the accompanying play. Perhaps it was worthless, but, "all my magazine stories have been returned," she wrote simply, "though many friends have assured me that I had talent. But somehow I begin to think it was only a kindness, and that they never really believed what they said. I sent a play—an immature one, but not without merit, my friends said—to Henry Irving when he was alive and over here, but it came back without a word of explanation or criticism. Perhaps it was never shown him. He was such a splendid, sincere man.

"So now I am sending you this second comedy, knowing that you are producing some of the best plays written since Shakespeare, and perhaps you will trouble yourself to read it carefully. I have practically dramatized myself in this play. Comedy is only tragedy turned bright side out after all."

"There," pursued the playreader, pausing over the closing sentence. "If this play had many such convincing lines and situations as are indicated in this letter, particularly in its conclusion, there might be some hope, but," reaching for a bundle of neatly, laboriously written manuscript, with the edges deftly sewn together, "what is the sequel—a flimsy, impossible parody of a novel popular a generation ago. I have spent an entire afternoon going carefully over this and four other plays without detecting a ray of possibility in any of them." Directing attention presently to the postscript, which intimated that the disconsolate author had received the manuscript back from so many managers and at such expense that she never wished to see it again, the playreader said

he purposed prepaying the return charges himself, but was really puzzled about encouraging the author in general and discouraging her in particular. And this was a sample of a great majority of plays he had received and read during twenty-three years of hitting and missing the popular fancy.

With others, however, tutored and untutored, playwriting is a luxury upon which to spend or squander their spare time, and yet meant to raise them above the drudgery of their bread-winning occupations. They fancy that the writing of a successful play is matter of chance, or more especially, of securing a representative manager to produce their handiwork. Once they see in imagination their own names at the bottom of a poster they exercise a feverish haste in consigning their manuscripts to the leading theatrical managers or middlemen of the country. One New York agency receives an average of two thousand manuscripts in the course of a season, of which actually less than five per cent. ever pass beyond him into the hands of a producing manager.

Yet this same agency succeeded in placing "Florodora," which had been a lamentable and highly expensive failure abroad, and has pocketed, together with Leslie Stewart, the author, upward of half a million dollars in royalties.

Volumes might be written in rehearsing the tribulations of even the most successful playwrights, the Kleins, Fitches, Pineros, Ades, Joneses and a few others of premier achievement. Upper Broadway is still smiling, for instance, over the recollection that Daniel Frohman rejected "The Lion and the Mouse," which he had ordered from Charles Klein, and on which he had paid in advance five hundred dollars. But Mr. Klein refunded the \$500. This play, produced under another ægis, yielded its author \$50,000 within the first six months of its stage life and is still paying handsome royalties. "Wang," a pioneer musical comedy, failed twice under other titles and was many times rejected before its final phenomenal success. Scores of similar instances might be cited as showing the error of managerial ways, despite the care of their readers in perusing every manuscript submitted and despite the experience of managers both in producing plays and in studying the tides of fancy.

One of the most profitable productions in recent years was the dramatization of the Palmer Cox Brownies by Stephen Douglass,



Brilliant scene in Max Maurey's play of the third empire called "La Savelli," recently produced with great success at Mme. Réjane's new theatre in Paris. The piece deals with the court of Napoleon III and the famous singer and adventuress known as La Savelli. The scene pictured above shows the Salle des Maréchaux in the palace of the Tuilleries and the emperor is seen picking up the fan of La Savelli.



Richard Ling

Estelle Wentworth

Jefferson de Angelis

SCENE IN THE COMIC OPERA "THE GIRL AND THE GOVERNOR" SEEN RECENTLY AT THE MANHATTAN

now reading plays for Klaw and Erlanger. Conceiving an idea that the quaint Palmer Cox creations, then taking the country by storm, would be equally diverting on the stage, the adapter, in collaboration with the author, first arranged a spectacle which, in the course of a season, was rejected by every manager of importance in the country. One manager hesitated, but finally decided in favor of another play in which to star Miss Lillian Russell. His hesitation and adverse decision cost him between \$400,000 and \$500,000, as he lost \$100,000 on his venture, in addition to some \$350,000, which the Brownie play eventually cleared.

How did it ever secure a hearing? Only after it had been produced at a dozen church socials in and around the metropolis, and had triumphantly vindicated the judgment of its sponsors.

"I happened to meet Mr. Klaw one evening while the play was drawing thousands to Plymouth Church in Brooklyn," said Mr. Douglass, "and he casually inquired about the play, asking why it had never been submitted to him."

"Why, you or your people read it twice," he was informed.

"I believe I do have some recollection of it, now," was the

chagrined reply, 'but,' he added hopefully, 'suppose we look it over again.'" Three days later it was accepted, and was soon proving itself a veritable bonanza.

Unfortunately it is these shining exceptions to the rule that lead so many writers of plays into temptation, and to their final undoing judgmentally and financially. Not long ago one of the many ghosts that haunt the theatrical neighborhood created a flurry of excitement at a leading theatre by announcing that he was the shade of Junius Brutus Booth, and had come to demand some hundred thousand dollars' overdue salary. He was assured that the matter would be adjusted, and was eventually persuaded to sheath the impressive sword with which he was armed. On another and more recent occasion a knightly figure appeared in full armor at one of the Broadway offices with the calm announcement that he was the ghost of Macbeth come to forbid any further productions of the Shakespearian drama. Receiving every assurance that the management had no idea of acting contrary to his wishes, the visored visitant declared he had a power of at-

(Continued on page x.)

Players I Have Known—Jefferson and Florence

By HENRY P. GODDARD

IT is not an easy task to say anything new and interesting of the one man who of all American actors was probably most widely known and best loved. Yet I cannot refrain from paying my little tribute to Joseph Jefferson, whom I probably saw more often on the stage than any other actor of his day and generation, and of whom I have some pleasant personal memories (as who has not that ever knew him?) and some anecdotes hitherto unpublished.

It was in the early sixties of the nineteenth century that I first saw Mr. Jefferson on the stage, but not till about 1895 that I first made his acquaintance, meeting him at a reception given him by the University Club of Baltimore, at which he gave us first a little formal talk and then some delightful postprandial reminiscences of his professional life.

Mr. Jefferson was a lifelong friend of John T. Ford, the well-beloved stage manager of Baltimore and Washington, was born the same year (1829), and when he went to Australia in 1860 left his family as guests in the home of Mr. Ford at Baltimore. He always played at Ford's Theatre in Baltimore, and after the death of Mr. Ford, Senior, in 1891, continued his friendship with the Ford sons. The eldest son, Mr. Charles E. Ford (the present manager), made him long visits with his family at his cottage at Palm Beach, Fla., in the winters of 1903, '04 and '05. In presenting him to Mr. Flagler on one of those visits, Mr. Jefferson said, "This young man did not seek an introduction, but I knew him before he was born." Mr. Ford found Jefferson a most delightful host and an ardent fisherman, and daily went fishing with him, Mr. Jefferson insisting not only on putting on the sinkers and hooks, but the bait, as he felt that only he knew the exact tricks of the trade. Of these most pleasurable visits Mr. Ford has given the writer much interesting data.

On these fishing trips Jefferson always wore a fisherman's oilskin suit, which was far more useful than ornamental. This habit led to an amusing incident. One morning when he was standing on the pier just before he was to get into his boat two handsomely dressed women from the great Palm Beach Hotel passed him once or twice, casting furtive glances at him, that led Mr. Ford to say, "You are evidently recognized, Mr. Jefferson," who replied, "Yes, I am continually spoken to by people who have seen me on the stage." Just then the ladies returned and approached the actor, one of them saying: "Is not this 'Alligator Joe?'" mistaking him for a well-known character at Palm Beach who used to disport himself in a pond on the backs of alligators for a pecuniary consideration. Mr. Jefferson raised his hat and, bowing politely, said: "Madam, I admit the 'Joe,' but I deny the 'alligator.'" The ladies apologized in confusion, and left Jefferson moralizing on the vanity of the members of his own profession.

In long chats on the piazza with Mr. Ford, Jefferson was wont to advance some very interesting theories. One was that the vegetable creation has certain marked instincts, citing in illustration

that he once tried to prevent a plant's growing in a certain direction by building a little brick wall to turn it another way, whereat the plant found a slight crevice in the wall and forced its way in the original direction, enlarging the hole as it went.

Mr. Jefferson was a pronounced optimist and always interesting when on his favorite subject. On one occasion he was sitting on the hotel porch with a party that included Mr. Ford and his elder daughter (a pretty girl then in her teens). A colored waiter of rather repulsive type passed by on some errand, when Mr. Jefferson exclaimed: "Is it not beyond dispute that that type of African is much further removed from the type represented by this beautiful young girl than she is from the angels?"

Mr. Jefferson in the later years of his life was especially fond of addressing students, both boys and girls. He was several times the guest of a famous school for girls in a city in central New York. One of these occasions none who were lucky enough to be present among those invited to meet him will ever forget.

It was a wild Sunday night with a driving snowstorm and drifts heaped high in the streets. The night before Jefferson had played Rip Van Winkle, as only he could play it, to a crowded

house at the city's theatre and, as always when he played, the girls of the school had attended in force. Learning that he was not to leave the city till late Sunday night the teacher of the school prepared a surprise party for her girls and sent Mr. Jefferson a note asking if he would not take his Sunday night supper at the school. An acceptance was promptly received, but when Sunday evening arrived the storm had become so severe that knowing that Mr. Jefferson was living in his private car (which was sidetracked on the West Shore Railroad some two miles from the school), fears were entertained that he might not appear. At the proper time, however, a carriage was sent for him with old John, the colored factotum of the school, to bring him to the house. John found the car and entering introduced himself to Mr. Jefferson, saying: "Your ladies was all waiting for you." Mr. Jefferson said that he had hardly thought he would be

expected, but was ready. John had the carriage brought as close to the car as possible and then, as Jefferson stood on the steps, old John just picked him up in his arms and deposited his precious burden in the carriage.

At the house everything had been properly prepared and Mr. Jefferson walked in easily.

It was a charming evening inside, although it stormed without. Jefferson was in one of his best moods, the center of a great crowd of pretty girls. He asked and answered questions freely, and was much interested in the photographs of scenes in "The Rivals" which the school girls had produced at the school shortly after its production in the city by Mr. Jefferson's "all-star" stock company. He asked many questions about the school production and made many kindly suggestions as to future performances of the same character.



Falk
WILLIAM J. FLORENCE AND JOSEPH JEFFERSON IN "THE RIVALS"



Photo by White

MARY SHAW

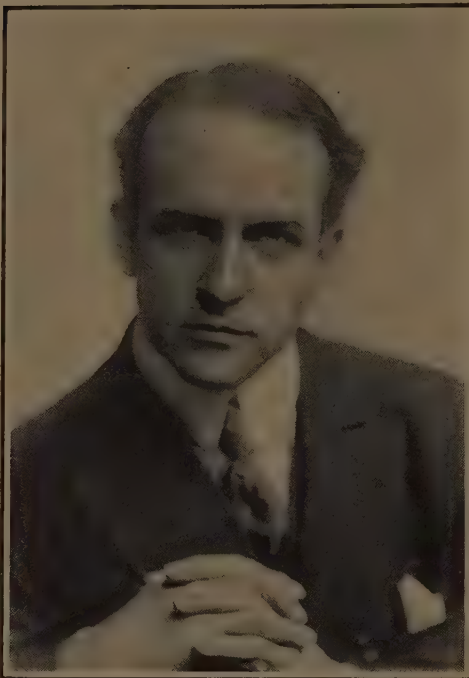
One of America's most distinguished actresses, noted alike for her intellectual force and her gift as a comedienne of unusual finish and charm. Miss Shaw was born in Boston, and for some time taught in the public schools. After several appearances in amateur theatricals, Dion Boucicault engaged her for the Boston Museum, and later she joined the forces of Augustin Daly. Then she supported Fanny Davenport, and afterwards became leading woman with Madame Modjeska, attracting considerable attention as Queen Elizabeth in "Marie Stuart." More recently she played Marion in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and Roxy in Frank Mayo's production of "Puddin' Head Wilson." She was also seen with Joseph Jefferson in Shakespearian repertoire. Her most notable performance in recent seasons was as Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts." She is now playing the title rôle in George Bernard Shaw's drama "Mrs. Warren's Profession"

During his visit there was a little buzz in one corner of the room when a young teacher was heard to say: "I *will* ask him. Mr. Jefferson, did you ever have Schneider with you on the stage when playing Rip Van Winkle? Lucy L—— says she saw him herself on the stage with you once years ago in Cincinnati?"

Mr. Jefferson caught the question at once: "Schneider, my dog Schneider, and she saw him with me on the stage with her own eyes?" Then he jumped up and bowed to the girl. "My heart, that is the prettiest compliment I ever had. I made you *see* Schneider? Good Schneider, he was never on the stage with me. There was never a Schneider. Oh, my! but that's very nice."

The evening passed away as all pleasant things pass. The carriage came and John conducted Mr. Jefferson back to his car. We were still talking over the events of the evening when John returned, reporting a safe journey to the train. He was instantly asked what *he* thought of Mr. Jefferson. His reply was: "Why, madam, I just got him into the carriage and was climbing on to the box when he says to me, 'John, are you going back with me?' 'Yes, sah.' 'What for?' says he. 'To carry you back into the car,' says I. 'You are an old man yourself,' says he, 'to be out such a night. Get inside then with you.' I disapproved and declined, but he made me get in, and there I rode opposite him out to his car, he talking to me all the time. When we got there I picked him up again and restored him to his family. He's a fine man. He's a great man. He's a gentleman. He's all refinement and manners."

Mr. Jefferson visited the school on several subsequent occasions, and gave there to the public some very interesting talks on the drama. In one of these he said that it was "not genius that won success, but work. Study all the time and all the time you will find there is something more in the play for you to demonstrate to the audience." He spoke rather sadly of the fleeting reputation of a great actor, saying: "In other professions a great worker leaves evidence of his study behind him, but with an actor, no. He dies and it's all gone."



Tall

FRANK MILLS
Leading man with Olga Nethersole

said that although it was sometimes hard to work up his own enthusiasm over a rôle constantly played, yet that, "from the moment that I put on my wig to that in which the play ends, I strive to forget everything about myself and think only of my rôle. I am very short-sighted and cannot see over the footlights. My wife often tells me who is in the house, but I have always suffered from short sight and do not know but it is an advantage while acting."

Mrs. Florence was a sister of Mrs. Barney Williams and during

most of her stage career acted with her husband. At this period of her life she was given to make up nearly as much off as on the stage, but was a good story teller and quite entertaining. One night Florence had eaten too heartily of Welsh rarebit, and in the night watches I heard him groaning in the state-room next mine and could not but be amused to hear Mrs. Florence, suddenly awakened, call out in stage tones and in almost the identical words which she was wont to use in "The Mighty Dollar," "Billy, dear, what can I

(Cont'd on p. ix.)



A NOVELTY IN UP-TO-DATE THEATRE MANAGEMENT

During the Sothern-Marlowe engagement at the Lyric Theatre, New York, a corps of uniformed escorts was established, their sole duty being to accompany ladies who went to the theatre unattended, back to their homes. The management found that many ladies would prefer to go to evening performances in preference to matinees, but had no one to accompany them, and so the male escort was provided without charge. By notifying the box-office in the interval between the acts, an escort was found in readiness at the fall of the curtain. Several ladies took advantage of the innovation

The Truth About the Theatre Ticket Speculator

ONCE more the theatre ticket speculator has become the burning question of the hour. Shall he stay or shall he go? Is he a public nuisance or a public benefactor? The theatre managers are leagued together, ostensibly in an endeavor to legislate him off Broadway, but meantime the speculator continues to secure all the choice seats at the expense of the patient theatregoer who either has to pay an exorbitant premium or put up with second best seats. What is the real truth? Is the manager in league with the speculator? Is he honestly trying to get rid of him? Or is the public the only goat?

Speculation in theatre tickets has so many sidelights and there are so many conflicting interests that it is difficult to arrive at what constitutes the truth, except as to this salient feature of the issue—the public pays the freight. The late P. T. Barnum had a theory that the dear public likes to be humbugged, and with all due respect to the great showman's memory, he practiced what he preached and died beloved and respected by young and old alike, which goes to prove that it is a great thing for any one in the show business to have a profound knowledge of human nature.

Ticket speculating is a companion-in-arms to the lottery ticket, and is as old as the hills, although it is not upon record that the Greek managers ever produced such popular successes as to cause a band of specu-

lators to infest the sidewalk outside the Colosseum at Rome or the Pantheon at Athens as now makes life a burden to those who wish to take in the show at the Hippodrome.

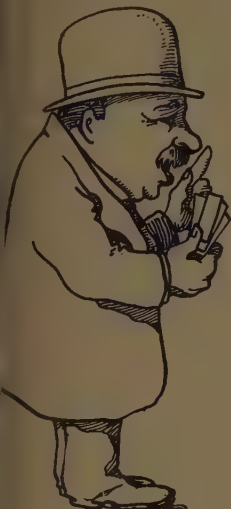
The idea of the speculation in theatre tickets seems a part and parcel of the idea of a premium upon cost; cornering a market for a given commodity, and then to hold up the consumer. The stock market is nothing but the quotation of premiums upon the only legal value of any stock or bond, and that is the par value—i.e., the value or price at which it was issued. The par value of any theatre ticket is the price stamped upon its face, the value the manager has placed upon it, according to its location in his theatre, just as some stocks are common or preferred, or some bonds first, second or third lien upon the properties they represent. No one must think that the brokers create any real value in the stock market. It is the public support that creates values there, and when the public deserts any stock or all securities the bottom drops out of the market.

Ticket speculating is supported by the public or it could not exist. It would surprise a good many to learn that there are a large number of snobs who think it adds to their existence to pay \$2.50 for a \$2 theatre ticket, and thus prove their worldly superiority to the mere plebeian who can barely afford to pay the box office price.

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So far the public makes ticket speculation at the hotels and other permanent places possible, but a city ordinance is responsible for the sidewalk nuisance, because if no licenses were issued to these gentry they could not exist. For the sake of the paltry revenue derived from taxing these men \$50 a year for hawking tickets in the public streets, a great municipality like New York connives at an intolerable nuisance. Once the Board of Aldermen repeals this ticket selling ordinance the nuisance will abate itself. Now, the forces which keep this ordinance alive—politics and petty graft—are prime factors. In the first place the ticket sellers have an association, and an association like this, necessarily with a wide acquaintance, has a wide political influence about election times with the amateur politicians called aldermen in this town, and getting a repeal through the Board of Aldermen would be a Herculean task.

These sidewalk hawkers are divisible into three classes—the men who really buy their tickets with their own money, and those who are in the employ of a syndicate or are in collusion with the manager and are then known as "house speculators." The latter are never arrested, and on a rainy night they disappear from the front of the house, whereas the other fellow gets a soaking, and is obliged to take half price



From N. Y. World
TICKET SPECULATOR



From N. Y. World
TICKET SPECULATOR



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TICKET SPECULATORS WAYLAYING PLAYGOERS AS THEY ENTER A BROADWAY THEATRE

for tickets, which might be properly called rubbing it in. The others are employed by men who work ticket speculating as a side issue and hire their men at a regular weekly salary to peddle their wares in front of the theatres. It is alleged that there exists a regular understanding between the ticket speculating "boss" and the regular manager of the theatrical circuit, as much as \$1,000 being paid for the sidewalk privileges. If this statement is true, then of course it is a clear case of collusion between the manager of the theatre and the hawker on the sidewalk to hold up the theatre-going public. It is difficult to believe this of the best class of local managers, but the charge is vehemently reiterated.

Personally interviewed, the Broadway manager will tell any one that he does his best to kill off the sidewalk nuisance, but it is almost impossible for this reason: Some one of the attachés of his house may be, entirely unknown to him, in collusion with the curb ticket brokers. It might be done in this way: Suppose a well-appearing person presents himself at the box office and asks for ten choice seats and lays down \$22—i.e., a bonus of \$2 to the ticket seller in the box office. Now will he get the seats? Of course it is a bribe, popularly known as "easy money" or "good money." Will the ticket seller fall? That is the question not answered here, but left to the imagination of the reader when he sees the ticket grafter outside of certain Broadway theatres. Not of all theatres, because the majority of theatrical managers do their utmost to protect the public from these nuisances. But so long as they are protected by a city license they will flourish to a greater or less extent.

The method by which the cheaper class of tickets are procured

is almost if not quite comic. A saleslady in a department store is selected to buy two 50 cent seats, and for this she gets a premium of 10 cents on each ticket she buys or perhaps a quarter for the pair of seats. These two tickets now cost the speculator \$1.25 and he sells them for \$1 each. By employing a dozen or more girls he soon has the upper gallery tickets in his pocket. Then again all window advertising for posters and photographs in drug, cigar and other stores and saloons are paid for in tickets which are known as "billboards." Eventually most of these "bill-

boards" find their way into the pockets of speculators. Another, not common, but not unusual plan, by which speculators get seats, is that some "dead-heads" sell their orders on the box office or get their seats and then sell them on the sidewalk.

To show how the political graft works, just try to get a side-

walk speculator arrested by the policeman on that beat. Why that guardian of the law tries everything his limited intelligence tells him to evade doing anything of the kind, and it becomes necessary to 'phone the captain of the precinct, or even higher up, to secure the arrest. Of course the inference lies that the speculator had that officer "fixed." This shows how corrupt and far-reaching is this ticket speculating industry to do up the theatre-going public and what a profit there must be in the game to cause everybody to hold on to it with such tenacity. There has only been one conviction of a ticket speculator, and that was caused by Harrison Grey Fiske while manager of the Manhattan Theatre in 1901.

Henry W. Savage at the outset of the run at the Garden Theatre of "The College Widow" stationed huge negroes with still larger megaphones to warn impending purchasers against the speculators.

<p>LEFT</p> <p>F 112</p> <p>ORCHESTRA \$2.00</p> <p>PHENIX THEATRE</p> <p>Saturday Eve'g April 4</p> <p>This Coupon must be detached and retained by the Ticket Seller.</p>	<p>27005</p> <p>27005</p>	<p>PHENIX THEATRE</p> <p>H. J. SMITH, MANAGER</p>	<p>NOTICE—This ticket will not be accepted at the door if this sealed coupon is torn or detached or if seat location is indicated in any way on the ticket.</p> <p>SEALED COUPON TICKET CO. PAT. APPLIED FOR</p>
		<p>Saturday Evening, April 4th</p> <p>Good for this day only</p>	
		<p>EXAMINE THE ANNEXED COUPON BEFORE IT IS DETACHED BY THE TICKET SELLER</p>	
		<p>ADMIT ONE</p>	

New form of theatre coupon ticket which would make ticket speculation impossible. When the ticket is sold, and the purchaser is satisfied regarding seat, location, etc., the left end coupon is torn off and retained by the ticket seller. While the purchaser sees and knows absolutely what he is buying, nothing is on the face of the ticket which would indicate its value to another purchaser. There is another coupon at the right hand side of the ticket. This is double and unfolds, but remains sealed until the buyer presents it for admission, and then it is torn open only by the doorman. This sealed coupon, which the buyer then hands to the usher, is a duplication of the coupon that had been retained by the ticket seller. This ticket, which is very simple and ingenious, was designed by Philip Fontaine, a member of the New York Athletic Club, and is patented by the Sealed Coupon Ticket Company of New York. If the managers are sincere in their desire to kill the speculator, they cannot use a better ticket than this



MIDNIGHT SUPPER GIVEN AT THE CAFE DES BEAUX ARTS BY THE THEATRE PRESS AGENTS OF N. Y., IN HONOR OF CLYDE FITCH, THE DRAMATIST
 Guests are as follows: 2—J. S. Hammond; 3—Fred Schrader; 5—William Hull; 6—David Sasseen; 7—J. A. Waldron; 8—Burton Emmett; 9—W. G. Smythe; 10—Chas. E. Cook; 11—J. W. Rumsey; 12—Roi C. Megrue; 13—Harold Rumsey; 14—Thomas MacMahon; 15—Joseph Plunkett; 18—John E. Prilly; 20—W. K. Semple; 21—Wilton Lackaye; 22—Philip Mindil; 23—Walter Rowland; 24—E. E. Lyons; 25—Melville Hammett; 26—Channing Pollack; 27—Will A. Page; 28—Clyde Fitch; 29—Wells Hawks; 30—Frank Wiltach; 31—E. D. Price; 32—David H. Dodge; 33—Whiting Allen; 34—Paul Thompson; 35—A. Toxen Worm; 36—Paul Kester; 37—John Major; 38—Arthur Ryan; 39—R. W. MacBride; 40—Frank W. O'Malley; 41—Franklin P. Adams; 42—Lipman Keene; 44—Harry D. King; 45—J. F. Marcossion; 46—Si Goodfriend; 47—Robert Young; 48—Henry Olt; 49—E. C. Whitten; 50—Eugene K. Allen; 51—H. S. Sternberg; 52—Stanley Latschaw; 53—William Raymond Sill; 54—W. W. Johnston; 55—Charles Hemstreet; 56—John MacMahon; 57—Bailey Avery; 58—William A. Newman; 59—H. G. Snow; 60—Al. Simmons; 61—Mason Peters; 65—Robert Hunter



Ellen Terry James Carew Suzanne Sheldon
SCENE IN HEIJERMANS' DRAMA "THE GOOD HOPE" RECENTLY SEEN AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Wherever these latter moved the negro and the 'phone moved too, until the ticket hawkers took to their heels and were seen no more. Most of the managers content themselves with seeing to it that these gentry do not infringe the law by standing on the theatre pavement, but it can be shown that it can be broken up permanently and only needs drastic measures to insure complete success.

Now as to the hotel selling: this is a more serious problem. It has, as we have seen, its advantages to some of the public, but also a large section of theatre-going class object to being told that there is nothing left in the box office further front than the seventeenth row. It is true that at seven o'clock the seats which remain unsold at the hotels are returned to the box office, but few people care to wait until the last moment to secure their seats. Undoubtedly, on many occasions the affluent hotel ticket sellers have financed Broadway productions by advancing large sums of

money to help raise the curtain, taking as security the choice seats in the house for the run of the play. It is said that the late Henry E. Abbey financed in this way the first American appearance of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. And it is also stated that this happened quite recently with an American star to the tune of \$25,000. The piece was a great success, but the public never got a seat at \$2. Whether there was a rake-off in this for the manager no one can safely say.

In London the circulating libraries throughout the city act as ticket agencies for all of the theatres, selling seats at an advance price, and it is a common thing for a syndicate of these agencies to finance one production after the other. In Paris a curious custom prevails. If you buy your ticket at the hour of the performance it costs less than to secure it in advance, a premium being charged for this privilege. And when you buy a ticket from a

(Continued on page viii.)

An Interview with Jessie Millward

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 53)

"WHEN I went back to London theatres, after my long absence from them, I was very disappointed in the acting, which I had once thought was incomparable. English actors are too subdued. The English temperament is too cold."

"Too cold or too repressed?" demanded the interviewer.

"Too cold and too repressed," answered Jessie Millward, with the measured positiveness of one who is sure of her point.

"The acting temperament is the ardent, southern temperament," she continued. Miss Millward's brown eyes were aflame with imagination and sympathy with her theme. She leaned forward in the big, easy chair and emphasized her earnestness with an animated gesture of a small, white-gloved hand. "The Italians are the greatest actors. Italy is a nation of actors. The climate induces the dramatic temperament. It has also age—great age. And age in a nation's art is nearly everything. Art must have its traditions and examples. Do you know Florence? Then you remember in the public square the magnificent statue of the Rape of the Sabines, how the print of the woman's resisting fingers appears in the man's shoulders. That is great art, and Italians live their lives in such an atmosphere. The foreign school is as far ahead of the English as the English is ahead of the American. All that the American stage lacks is age. It is in its youth. Americans have vivacity and perception. They are quick-witted and receptive. The American stage may some time become the greatest in the world."

While Miss Millward talked of English and American dramatic art I thought of English and American dressmakers' art. My American superciliousness upon the matter of national sartorial taste had been startled out of its rut of complaisance. The small, brown-eyed, smiling woman in the big chair was a model of good dressing. She had prepared for going out, and was dressed for a drive and luncheon. Her gown was of white broadcloth, trimmed with an exquisite design of white silk braid. Her bodice was of soft white silk, with real lace garniture. Her hat was of heavy white straw, a modified sailor, draped with fine old lace and on its top were flat green wings. The green note in the dainty costume was accentuated by a little green silk jacket, one of those triumphs to which, feminine vocabularies failing, women apply such terms as "dear" and "darling." Miss Millward was exquisitely turned out, the best dressed

Englishwoman I have ever seen. Undoubtedly the dream frock and poem hat had been made in the United States, but this Englishwoman had been complaisant. American couturières declare that Englishwomen seldom are.

But I attended again and mentally begged pardon for the digression. Miss Millward was talking of the play, "The Hypocrites," in which she is playing the rôle of mother of a wayward son.

"I had gone back to England intending to remain there," she said. "Mr. Jones, who is a great dramatist—I admire his work

profoundly, don't you?—called on me and said he had a part in his new play which he wanted me to act.

"But I do not intend to go back to America," I said.

"We will talk of that later," he said. 'Would you consent to play the part of a mother?'

"I would," I replied, 'but I can't. I have never been a mother, although I love my little niece and nephew as well as their mother does.'

"Must a woman have murdered to be a murderess?" Mr. Jones retorted. 'At any rate I want you to hear the play. What time do you rise?'

"I am awake early but I rise later," I answered.

"Then, if you will, call at my home to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," I replied, and to Mr. Jones' amazement I was at his home, having crossed the city at half-past seven. Mr. Jones, who had boasted of his early rising, had not yet breakfasted. At eight we were reading the play. He read it magnificently. When he had finished I said, 'I cannot think of the part, only of your play. I have never heard such applause as rings in my ears now for

that second and third act, the applause that I prophesy an audience will give it. The play is tremendous. Let me go home and think of it and after a while the parts may emerge and I will be able to think of the part.' Isn't it tremendous? You have seen Mr. Jones. Would you think he had such a grasp upon the deep, vital things of life? I have said to his daughter, 'How has your father ever been able to learn all he knows of life? He is so domestic. He has a wonderful insight.'

"In time the part emerged from the whole, and I was able to think of myself in the rôle. I still had a fear of undertaking it. When I saw Mr. Jones again I said, 'I am willing to give up my plan of a tour of the provinces, although I am giving up a dearly cherished plan, for on this side, you know, I have always played in London. But will America receive



Sarony

JESSIE MILLWARD

me in an emotional part? They have always seen me in comedy.'

"Mr. Jones waived my doubts. He was determined to have me play the part. I like determination and determined people. I consented.

"I am very glad Mr. Jones produced the play first in America. Americans have the splendid gift of enthusiasm. You heard their twenty-two curtain calls on the first night. But the play will go well in London, for the theme is one that will appeal to English families. The relation of mother and son is different in America. Here mother and son are friends, comrades. On the other side an English mother will do anything for her son, but there is more dignity in the relationship. The English son esteems his mother more—at least there is more outward manifestation of esteem. Perhaps I should say that he stands more in awe of her. The son's fear to displease his mother, his acquiescence in her will, is more comprehensible in England than America.

"I love the part," she repeated.

Again the swift flame of enthusiasm in brown eyes, the clasping of small, gloved hands, the forward posture of the pliant figure raised a doubt in the listener's mind whether the English are "too cold and too repressed." "I am sorry you saw me in it the first night. I am a bad first nighter. On the opening night of the play I was nervous and noisy. I have played it in a lower key and slower tempo. I feel every line and shade of emotion in it. From the moment I enter the stage door until I leave the theatre I am that mother. Jessie Millward exists only before and afterwards. Every act and thought of the suffering mother is comprehensible to me. She is splendid. She is never unwomanly. She is not, you remember, unkind to the girl. She is willing to do everything for her, but her love and her ambition for her son transcend all else. The hardest sacrifice of all is that which she makes—quietly makes—in the end. She accepts the girl as a daughter-in-law. She promises to go with her son and the girl to India. One knows why she is going, that she fears further trouble for him; she is going to watch and protect him as she has tried to do since the day he was born."

Miss Millward desires to play alternately in the two countries, to swing as a dramatic pendulum between the United States and England. She talked with the enthusiasm she thinks is foreign to the Englishwoman, of her return to London after her long, self-enforced banishment from its playhouses.

"I went back in a comedy, 'The School for Husbands.' You had it in this country, did you not? Yes, with Miss Alice Fischer. I thought it a charming play. I wanted to go back under entirely different auspices than those of my tragic departure from the stage of London. In the London mind I had always been associated with emotional work. Ever since the tragedy which threw my life into shadow I had played comedy. It seemed providential that I should be permitted to turn away from the emotional rôles. Had I played emotional parts I think I should have broken down in them, from the strain of my mental anguish and the force of association with the old rôles. So I chose to go back to the London public in comedy. I took the most beautiful theatre in the world last spring. The Scala, meaning the staircase, is all of marble within. There are two regal boxes where royalty sits, and the staircases leading from them are of marble. The draperies are of crimson velvet. The effect is most chaste and artistic. What a beautiful homecoming I had! The applause as I came down the staircase lasted for so long that my mother, sitting in front, said she was afraid I would break down, but something helped me to go on, some one whispered this was as it should be. I was more composed than at any time in my career, I, who am so hopelessly nervous on other, less important first nights. I had a child's joy in the sumptuousness of the production. I was glad that everything in the setting was perfect. I cared not how much it cost, how much money we lost or made. I was coming home and I was being welcomed by my London public, the public that had always been so good to me. I did not break down until after the play. Then I cried stormily like a child who has been hurt. The press was most kind. Ah, it was a happy homecoming! We



Sarony

JESSIE MILLWARD IN "THE HYPOCRITES"

played for seven weeks, beginning in May, the opening of the London season. I had planned a tour of the provinces, then came Mr. Jones with his play."

The stern-faced, black-gowned, middle-aged maid who had admitted me came with a telephone message.

"That was Lottie," explained Miss Millward, with a swift transition of mood. "She has been with me for sixteen years. What I should do without her I dare not think. She is so faithful, so good, such a substantial bit of my English home here in America. And she is such a corrective of any faults of conceit or over-confidence I may form. For instance, there have been a great many kind letters, speaking most encouragingly of my work in 'The Hypocrites.' One night on reading them I said to Lottie, 'Aren't people kind? I wonder why they write me such pleasant letters?' 'I suppose they think you are fascinating,' said my maid. 'Ah! and don't you, Lottie?' I said. 'Not at all.' I have been used to plain speaking. It is a powerful antidote to vanity. My little niece, Doris, came to see me the morning I sailed. 'Aren't you sorry to go?' she asked. 'Yes, indeed, I am always sorry to go from home.' 'Then why go?' she asked. 'Well, you know, I must have money,' I said. 'I know a way out of that,' said the seven years of wisdom. 'Yes? What?' 'Make a rich marriage.' I dreaded saying 'good-bye' to the little witch. She would be broken hearted, I thought. But when I had taken my seat in the motor car and turned swimming, backward eyes of farewell upon her, the little wretch was waving flirtatious hands at the chauffeur,

her face abeam. In her juvenile coquetry I had been forgotten."

Home, Miss Millward said, was a country home in Kensington. She had a cottage at Ascot, "a mere little box of a place," she explained. "When we say 'cottage' in England we mean cottage, not a magnificent villa as you do. I go to the races and play them of course. Every woman in England does."

A lighting of the brown eyes, a smile and a dimple.

"I am a gambler," she said.

The shadows of life lie just beyond the sunshine. Its ugly facts crowd upon the heels of the beautiful. From chat about the box at Ascot, the easy winnings at the races, and the quiet home, exactly to Miss Millward's taste, at Kensington, we turn to the dark shadow of tragedy that eight years ago had fallen suddenly and cruelly across her path. Miss Millward spoke of it calmly, as of something continually in the background of her daily thought, ever present and recognized, something to which she had become habituated.

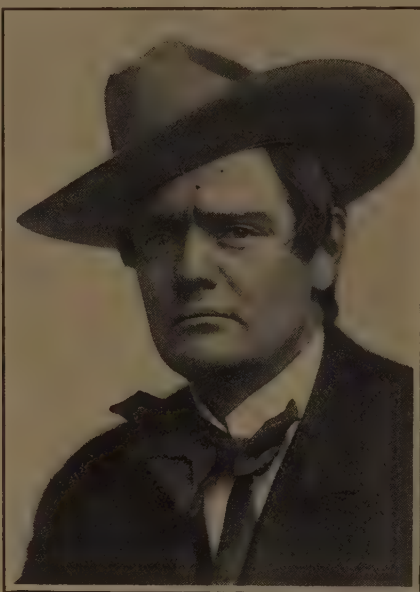
"I had known Mr. Terriss most of my life. I was a child when I first met him. He laughed at me when I thought of going on the stage, and when I met him at a rehearsal at the Lyceum and he saw the part of Hero in my hand he laughed and exclaimed, 'What! Little Sissy Millward to play Hero.' 'Sh! Don't call me Sissy on the stage,' I cried, almost in tears. 'It doesn't seem grown up. It isn't dignified.' He came over and offered me his hand. 'At any rate, when you need a friend you shall have one,' he said soberly. It was true. For fourteen years, until the very day of his death, I possessed his friendship. Often I was in

his companies. Sometimes we were both in Sir Henry Irving's companies. Always I had his loyalty and strength to lean upon. It has been hard for me to learn to make my own decisions and direct my own course in dramatic affairs since he passed on, so much did I depend upon him.

"I am a bit psychic, I think. Six months before Mr. Terriss' death I dreamed of it, saw the manner of it, heard the words he said to me, the last words he ever spoke. I told him of it, and he laughed. Three months later I had the same dream. I told William Terriss and his brother of the dreadful circumstantiality of the dream. Again Mr. Terriss affected to make light of it and tried to reassure me. But all of the week before the tragedy I was oppressed by a sense of impending horror, and especially on that day I said: 'Billy, something dreadful is going to happen.' This time he did not laugh. He was too much impressed by my mood. That evening we went to the theatre together. He had opened the stage door when a man sprang out of the shadows and brushed past us. Mr. Terriss reeled and fell backward into my arms. 'I'm stabbed,' he said. They were his last words. He was murdered by a super in the company who at the time he killed him had kind letters from Mr. Terriss in his pocket. He was a thin, dark-eyed

man with a squint. Mr. Terriss called him because of his foreign look Monsieur Le Comte. The man had said for a week before the murder, 'In a little while my name will be known all over the world.' The poor creature's craze for notoriety was gratified. Whenever it was said 'William Terriss has been murdered,' the

(Continued on page vii.)



JOSEPH JEFFERSON
Son of the late Joseph Jefferson



Joseph Jefferson

William Jefferson

SCENE IN "PLAYING THE GAME," COMEDY BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT AND HARTLEY DAVIS, IN WHICH THE JEFFERSON BROTHERS ARE APPEARING

From Broadway to the Bowery

FROM Broadway to the Bowery, from English dramas to those in the Yiddish dialect. Usually it is the other way.

Actresses of foreign birth, who have acquired fame in obscure theatres of the East Side, have made their debut in Broadway theatres with signal success, but Fernanda Eliscu has reversed the process. After many successes on Broadway she has gone to the Bowery to act in a strange and uncouth tongue.

Fernanda Eliscu was born in that land of mystery and romance, that country associated closely in the minds of most of us with swashbuckling dramas and ultra-romantic novels, Roumania. There she lived until she was eight years of age, speaking only Roumanian, a language somewhat resembling both French and Italian. Indeed, it is said that there are more descendants of the old Romans now living in Roumania than in Italy.

Then the family emigrated to this country, and the child's aptitude for languages showed itself in the fact that she had been but two months in this country when she could make herself understood in English, yet it was German that she first studied here, but this language was abandoned for a droll reason. The little girl always liked to recite, and one day her teacher in the public school informed her that if she did not "stop studying Dutch, and speaking like a Dutchman," she would not let her recite any more. Little Miss Fernanda went home in tears, and persuaded her parents to let her drop her German studies for the present. Two years ago she resumed them, and this has been of much help to her in her present work in the Kalich Theatre, on the Bowery, where she now fills the position abandoned by Madame Kalich for the English-speaking drama.

"The very first performance in a theatre that I saw made me want to go on the stage," remarked Miss Eliscu, when asked what had induced her to adopt that profession. "It was in a German theatre. The play was an emotional drama, and I did not like the way the leading woman cried. I went home and said so. I invented an emotional scene all by myself, and performed it for my family, succeeding in making them cry. After that I was always trying to act."

Miss Eliscu was a student at the Empire Dramatic School, and during her first year there often went on as extra with the Empire Stock Company, and was also given some understudy work. One evening the girl playing Micah Dow in the original "Little Minister" company was taken suddenly ill, and without a rehearsal Miss Eliscu went on in her place, doing so well that she was offered an engagement. Having agreed to remain at the school for two years, however, she would not break her word, so could not accept the offer. But she signed a contract while still a student for the following year, and opened in the same boy's part.

Later with James K. Hackett she played the rôle, first of a boy, then that of Maritana in his production of "Don Cesar de Bazan." Following this came her engagement to play the title rôle in "Marta of the Lowlands." In the spring of 1905 she was seen at the Manhattan Theatre in the rôle of Toinette in Mrs. Fiske's beautiful little one-act play, "The Light of St. Agnes," and recently appeared in the same rôle at a benefit performance. Last season she was under Mr. Fiske's management, and it was in the spring that she received the offer of her present engagement as leading woman of the Kalich Theatre.

For those ignorant of what the Yiddish dialect really is, it may be well to explain that it consists of words of various languages—German, Russian, Hebrew, etc.—all with slight modifications in pronunciation due to the different races who speak it. Nevertheless, by using this dialect Jews of Russian, Polish, German or other nationalities are able to understand each other. It is written in the Hebrew characters, and to one unacquainted with it the greatest resemblance in sound would seem to be the German. Miss Eliscu admits that she has not as yet learned to read it, and her parts are written out for her in Roman letters, and more or less

phonetically, but she declares that she intends soon to learn to read it, for she feels that as long as she is playing in Yiddish she should be thoroughly familiar with the language, written or spoken. So far this season she has appeared in a Yiddish translation of "Marta of the Lowlands," in three one-act plays, and in an emotional drama, "Her Past," by a talented young Russian playwright who has made his home in this city for the past ten years, Z. Libin. This latter play gives her full opportunity for the display of her emotional talent.



Byron

FERNANDA ELISCU (on the right) IN A DRAMA ENTITLED "HER PAST," RECENTLY PERFORMED IN THE BOWERY

At the Opera



Bangs, N. Y.
ALOIS BURGSTALLER AS TRISTAN
(Metropolitan Opera House)

IF the prophets of New York's operatic destinies believed that the excitement and rivalry of opera in the present season would be confined to the opening weeks of that expensive form of amusement, then they have been false prophets indeed. With each week the fray of battle has become more tense and the din more melodious. One piece of news must needs be chronicled:

Caruso has, at last, a very serious rival in Bonci. Thanks to the short-sighted policy of the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, Oscar Hammerstein has received the greatest advertisement that could possibly have befallen any manager of opera here, and the notoriety and fame of Enrico Caruso, tenor extraordinary, is for the moment being eclipsed by Mr. Hammerstein's tenor Bonci.

And the tale runs thus: Once upon a time the management of the Metropolitan decided to annex unto themselves Bonci, and as Bonci seemed ready to be flirted with, an agreement was reached and concluded. With tubas and trombones the high news was blared up and down Broadway and around the corner of Fortieth street; it also floated down to Thirty-fourth street to Oscar Hammerstein. This astute impresario at first refused to discuss the matter at all—save with his attorneys. Then, after a silence of a few days, he announced that he was much flattered that the Metropolitan management was compelled to come to him in order to secure good artists, and he cited the instances of Campanini, Dalmore, Bassi and Sammarco, all of whom, he said, had been approached by the rival opera management. Again he repeated that he was much flattered. On top of all of this he announced the engagement of the great Italian tenor Zanatello. This closed the case for a brief time. Then the impresario had some more conferences with his attorneys, and he loaded a twelve-inch tenor gun to the muzzle, pointed it in the direction of Broadway and Fortieth street and exploded the cap: Bonci was not free to make a contract with the Metropolitan Opera House for next season; that, according to his present contract with Mr. Hammerstein, he was bound to this impresario for two seasons more unless the impresario desired to release him. And the impresario did not choose to release him for next season. There were, of course, numberless statements from both camps, and the result of the whole matter is that the case will in all probability be dragged into court. This is an up-to-date fairy story, the end of which is not yet, and for the moment the public is more interested in Bonci than in Caruso. Those who hold court in the lobbies of the opera houses are still pinching themselves to make quite sure that they are fully awake—for no thinking

person ever believed that the Metropolitan management would ever plan so deliberate an advertisement for the rival opera house. Hence it is charitable to regard this as a fairy tale, despite the truth of it all.

All this points to one conclusion: that the battle between the opera houses is going to continue next season, and as many seasons after that as possible. Engagements for next season are the straws which show the way the starry wind is pointing. Mr. Hammerstein announces the re-engagement of Campanini, Dalmore, Bassi, Sammarco, Giliert, Russ and Renaud. Melba will surely return, and, in addition, he has engaged the tenor Zanatello, who is one of the leading tenors in Italy to-day and a favorite at La Scala. If Bonci returns to this house, then next season will find there a remarkably alluring quartet of tenors: Bonci, Zanatello, Dalmore and Bassi. With Melba as a drawing power, with Campanini, most interesting of Italian and French conductors, with Sammarco as one of the greatest singers heard here in years, and with Renaud as one of the greatest artists of the opera stage, it looks as though there were going to be war to the knife next season again. At the Metropolitan there have also been announcements of new singers and re-engagements of old ones. Schialypin, the Russian basso, Bovy, the

present French conductor, Stracciari, one of the Italian baritones, Rousselière, the French tenor—and of course a lot of the present principals will return: Caruso, Sembrich, Scotti, Farrar, Burrian, Van Rooy—these are but a few. Eames is still in doubt—and she admits that she is flirting with the rival management; also does there appear to be some difficulty in the way of closing the next season's contract with Cavalieri. But time adjusts many things—even difficulties with opera prima donnas.

From that glance into the exciting future let the more exciting present be contemplated. The past month has been one of great activity at the Manhattan. "Mignon," "Dinorah," "Ballo in Maschera" and "La Bohème" have been added to the repertoire there within that time. The last-named work was the one of greatest interest. In the first place the performance of this opera is the centre of a legal battle between the publishers and Mr. Hammerstein. The eventual outcome of this suit interests the public very little, but it was of moment to them that Mr. Hammerstein did produce the work, and the greatest possible amount of enthusiasm was displayed at the performance. The auditorium was crowded to its capacity, and every one was keyed high with excitement. It must be admitted that the strength of this ensemble was admirable. Melba, Bonci, Sammarco, Gili-



Bangs, N. Y.
ROBERT BLASS AS FAFNER
(Metropolitan Opera House)



Copyright Aimé Dupont
MME. GADSKI AS ISOLDE
(Metropolitan Opera House)

bert, Arimondi and Trentini filled these familiar and lovable rôles, and the opera was put through its paces with rousing swing. Bonci sang better probably than he has sung at any previous time during the season, and Melba was in generous voice. Sammarco was very delightful and artistic, and Gilibert was excellent, as was Arimondi. The orchestra was conducted by Tanara, and one of the best features of the Manhattan performances was turned into the poorest item in the production. Tanara drove his men rudely, and the delicacy of this opera vanished into thin air. It was a very brilliant performance—far too brilliant, for the whole work was overkeyed, and most of the principals were too. Melba sang her dying scene with a vocal opulence that gave the lie to the dramatic moment of the situation. Trentini as Musetta overacted woefully, and she sang far from well. A newcomer, Gianoli-Galletti, sang the dual buffo rôles of Alcindoro and Benoit, but he had no opportunity to prove his value in these small parts. The orchestra played badly, and there was all too little poetry in the whole performance.

Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," on the other hand, was given a most interesting presentation. Bassi, Sammarco, Russ and De Cisneros all acquitted themselves with credit, especially Sammarco, who sang adorably. Zeppelli acted the Page Oscar well, looked comely and sang acceptably, save for the high notes, which were shrill unto breaking. Campanini conducted and he brought to light dramatic and lyric beauties of this score that have been carefully covered by some other conductors.

"Dinorah" was dull, the first act deadly dull. Despite the fact that Ancona sang very well and that Campanini made great effect with his reading of the overture—which, by the way, he played before the second act—the evening was dull. The stage goat had little reverence for the dramatic possibilities of this part. His one object that night was to get as far as possible from the footlights and to remain there, ruminating on the philosophies of a Harlem existence. Once he ventured out and took a curtain call—but this might have been to save his self-respect or his hide; the spirit of "Dinorah" was not in him. Pinkert sang floridly, but not so well as she has on other occasions, by any means.

The revival of "Mignon" was in a way charming. Bressler-Gianoli acted the title rôle wonderfully—conscientious artist that she is—but vocally she was not nearly so satisfying. Bonci once more found a happy rôle in Guglielmo, but Gilibert was disappointing in his rôle, as was Arimondi. It appeared to interest the public very little, and this was a pity for the opera was well staged.

And at the Metropolitan there have been two very important events: the first production in that opera house of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" and the reappearance of Gadski after an absence of several years, and in the rôle of Isolde, a part which she had never sung before.

"Madame Butterfly" was a very good performance. The work is already fairly familiar to opera audiences, having been popularized by the Henry W. Savage English Opera Company. All the praise that has been bestowed upon the beauty of this music was again called forth by the more recent production: it is a charming work, exquisite in color and delicate in outline. The intimacy of it was not nearly so impressive at the Metropolitan as it was and is in smaller theatres. Farrar sang the title rôle admirably, and her reading has improved with each repetition. Homer as Suzuki appeared to the very best advantage, and Caruso as Pinkerton was vocally very stunning. Scotti sang the Consul Sharpless very well, and Reiss made a great deal out of the part of Goro, the marriage broker. Mrs. Mapleson was Kate Pinkerton and she did not make this wretched part seem any less like a leaf out of a fashion plate than it had previously appeared. Vigna conducted the orchestra, and the composer Puccini, who had slaved from late morning until early night at these rehearsals, came in for a great deal of applause that was well earned.

The season's first performance of "Tristan und Isolde" marked the re-entry of Gadski and brought to sight and hearing her Isolde for the first time. Rumor has it that she had learned this



Byron
LOUISE HOMER (on the left) AND GERALDINE FARRAR
In "Madame Butterfly" at the Metropolitan Opera House

rôle in a very short time—and even those who spread the rumor know that Isolde should not be and cannot be artistically mastered in a short time. And so was Gadski's Isolde—it was immature and unconvincing. She was not a princess at any time, and her play of mien was highly monotonous. She sang extremely well, and the management and the public are both to be congratulated that this artist is once more at the Metropolitan. Burrian as Tristan was exceedingly disappointing. He missed one dramatic opportunity after the other, and he sang the third act well principally because he had saved himself in the preceding two acts. Homer is not a great Brangaene, and Blass fails to impress upon the public the beauty of this music or the sympathetic qualities of the rôle of King Mark. Van Rooy was the one big figure in the performance, as his Kurwenal was viable and dramatic. Hertz did not cover himself with honors by his conducting on this occasion. On every side one heard the hopeful remark that Gadski would improve in the part of Isolde, and it is to be hoped that she will. But that brings up the old contention: Is the Metropolitan Opera House the trying grounds for prima donnas? If a new



Photos courtesy of Victor Hugo Barranco

Courtyard where refreshments are served between the acts

Exterior of the Tacon Theatre, Havana, facing Central Park

CUBAN PIRATE WHO BUILT A NATIONAL THEATRE

Few playhouses have as interesting a history as the Tacon Theatre in Havana, which was built under unique circumstances. In 1835 Francesco Marty, then leader of a band of pirates which infested Cuba, was captured and sentenced to death. Despairing of pardon, he sought an interview with General Tacon, then Governor-General of Havana, and promised that if his life were spared he would help the Spanish Government to rid the island of the entire band of pirates. General Tacon took him at his word, and in less than a week Marty had caused the arrest of all his fellow brigands. For this service he received full pardon. A year later, Marty applied for and was granted the concession to build a national theatre on Central Park. The playhouse was finished in 1838 and Marty, as a token of the gratitude he felt towards General Tacon for sparing his life, named it "El Teatro Tacon." The house has had an eventful career. During the insurrection in Cuba many exciting events occurred within its walls. On one occasion a regiment of Cuban insurgents barricaded themselves in the theatre and held it against the Spanish for three days. They were finally driven out, and all were shot as they were making their escape. The theatre, which is an imposing building of white stone facing Central Park, ranks among the largest playhouses in the world, seating over 3,000 persons.

work is produced on these boards then of course the matter is a different one, but there are a great many opera stages in the world which are not so important to a community or to a country as is the Metropolitan to this country. Why should not Gadsdi

have conquered the part and her audience elsewhere first? Would not that have promised a far greater triumph for her, and would not the dignity of the Metropolitan stage have been aided by such an artistic precaution? Here is food for thought.

An American Girl's Success on Europe's Operatic Stage

FEW people realize how many American singers are at present appearing with success on the important operatic stages of continental Europe. Paris, Brussels, Monte Carlo, London, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Milan are full of American singers of both sexes who have been driven from this country by the indifference of the American manager. Unable to gain any foothold in the United States owing to the competition of foreign artists and to the unwillingness of our opera directors to believe in home talent which does not bear also the stamp of an European reputation, the American singer goes into voluntary exile, spending many years abroad and winning on the boards of theatres in other countries those laurels which rightfully should be theirs at home. When these Americans become so successful that they can no longer be ignored, the American manager wakes up and condescendingly engages them, when, of course, they repeat their European triumphs. Bessie Abott, Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden, Eleanora De Cisneros, Mme. Donalda and other prima donnas now of international reputation and acclaimed as such in New York, were all neglected by our astute American managers until the more discerning European audiences recognized their talent.

Another instance is that of Gertrude Sylva, who for some years has been prima donna soprano at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie at Brussels. Miss Sylva is a New York girl and a pupil of Mme. Frida Ashforth, herself a famous prima donna in her day. She studied for some time with Mme. Ashforth, and sang here in churches and at concerts. Her voice is a rich dramatic soprano and she is also an excellent

actress. But the American manager consistently declined to give her the slightest encouragement, so in 1897 Miss Sylva went to Europe, where she has remained ever since. Her success abroad was almost immediate. She sang in Marseilles, Bordeaux and other French cities and then went to Brussels where she made her début at the Monnaie with signal success. The Brussels audiences are accustomed to operas given in the very best manner, with an orchestra and chorus which are famous in Europe, with excellent artists, and the favorable verdict of this public establishes a European reputation for the singer. Many of the most famous artists of the present day made their débuts there, among them Mme. Melba. Miss Sylva has sung all the rôles of the repertoire, Ophelia, Mignon, Juliet, Lucia di Lammermoor, Lakme, etc., etc., and the critics have accorded her the greatest praise. The fact that the present season marks her sixth year at the Monnaie demonstrates plainly enough what Belgian audiences think of her voice. Two years ago she sang by command at The Hague, and was personally complimented by the Queen of Holland, who presented the artist with a substantial souvenir of the royal favor. In London she appeared with considerable success at Covent Garden, singing one night in "Rigoletto" in the place of Mme. Melba, temporarily indisposed.

Miss Sylva's continued successes in each new rôle insure a wider career to her whenever she shall choose to be tempted away by managers with longer purses than the Brussels management can command. Brussels realizes that such managers are ever on the watch for new artists in that city and mourns the fact.



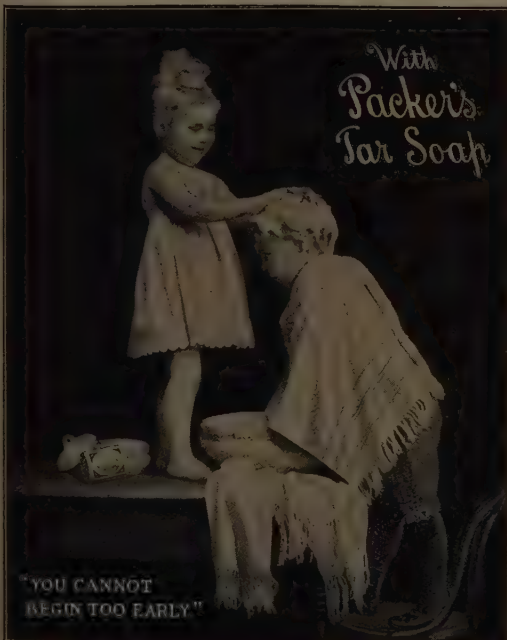
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Novelli as the Moor of Venice

(Continued from page 96.)

In the Novelli version the play is telescoped into three acts. The entire action takes place in Thebes before the palace of Œdipus. In the opening scene the populace, headed by the High Priest of Jupiter, crowds before the altars seeking to propitiate the gods who have visited pestilence and famine on the land because of the murder of Laius, the predecessor of Œdipus. Laius was the husband of Jocasta, present wife (and, unknown to both, mother) of Œdipus. Tiresias, the renowned seer, is sent for to declare the reasons for this overwhelming series of disasters. Œdipus was the child of Laius and Jocasta; but at his birth a prophecy had gone forth that he should murder his father and marry his mother. To escape this hideous possibility, Jocasta had his feet spiked and ordered the babe to be taken to the mountains by a shepherd and left there to die. The shepherd's heart was soft and he gave the child to a shepherd of the King of Corinth, Polybus. Œdipus was brought up in that court as a child. One day at a feast he heard a drunken reveller announce that he (Œdipus) was not the child of Polybus and the Queen of Corinth, and that a doom hung over his head that he should kill his father and commit incest with his mother. To escape this, he flees from the court, with a few followers, and, meeting a band of supposed robbers on the way, slaughters all but one. The chief of that little band was his father, Laius, King of Thebes. He was on his way to consult an oracle. Œdipus appears in Thebes, woos and weds his mother, Jocasta. The truth unravels itself through the two old shepherds and Œdipus' revelation to Jocasta of his adventure with the unknown band of "thieves." Jocasta hangs herself and Œdipus, bidding farewell to the sun—puts out his eyes, takes a shepherd's crook and becomes a wanderer.

Signor Novelli's portrayal of the marked king is weak in psychological detail, but strong in external delineation. He turns to us the slowly disintegrating pretensions of kingly power rather than the prostration of a man in the dust of humility. It is like watching a shadow creep over the surface of a glittering disk. Despair and hope travel alternately over his face as he picks up this thread or drops that thread of the web being woven around him; but each smile grows sicker and each shadow deepens as the waves of suspicion rise higher and higher in his mind. It is all wonderful surface-play and culminates when, each link in the chain being forged, he exiles himself from the sun, and in an outburst of insane fury, proscribes and excommunicates himself.

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Interview with Jessie Millward

(Continued from page 108.)

name of the man who killed him would follow. He had said when he was arrested, 'I wish I had killed Miss Millward too. I meant to.' Always had feared and disliked the fellow. Whenever was on the stage his eyes seemed to follow me. complained to Mr. Terriss of it. He said: 'He isn't looking at you. He squints.' It was Lottie whom you just saw, who ran after him and caught him. He is in an asylum for the insane.

"I did not shed a tear for six weeks. The doctors tried to make me weep. On the night of the crime they feared I was going insane from the shock. They stood about me and talked of the awful deed, simply as though they were telling it to a child. 'Mr. Terriss has been murdered,' they repeated over and over to me, hoping to see the tears fall, but none came. I sat up with his body for four nights at the Mortuary, until he was buried. Still I shed no tears. I did not even express any rage at the murderer. I was stunned. In the terrible crisis of our lives Nature is merciful. She stuns and deadens us as though by an opiate. Had I fully realized the force of the blow I think it would have killed me. It is dreadful for a woman to see a man stabbed, to feel him die in her arms, any man, a stranger, but when that man is your best friend—?"

There was silence in the sunny little drawing room. The tick of a tiny clock on the mantle grew suddenly shrill. An elevated train thundered by. The street sounds that we had not noticed before grew suddenly poignant. My eyes left the pale, drawn face of the speaker and wandered about the trifles of gold and silver on her writing desk, the cool, fine prints on the wall, the broad divan, piled high with cushions, in the corner.

Then Jessie Millward spoke again, and I saw that though still pale she was smiling.

"You understand now why I retired from the stage and went to Italy. I thought I should never play again. But Charles Frohman found me and talked of comedy. He said I need never sound the depths of emotion again. Moreover his theatres were in America, far from London. I thought that if I played I should get out of myself for a few hours at least, a day. I came here and the people liked me. I remained. I never played tragedy. This mother's rôle is the first emotional part I have played since Mr. Terriss' death.

"For the past year I have felt that he was out of my life. It is the first time. I am something of a spiritualist. I know it is better for him, that it was thoughts of me that anchored his spirit to earth. And now he is on a plane of perfect peace."

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Actors and Management

The best actors are never good business men. They have too much imagination to look after details. The consequence is that it is not the best actors who become actor-managers, but the best men of business. But the public believes that an actor who runs a theatre himself must be a better actor than one who doesn't. The commercial standard is the only one it knows. The consequence is that unless an actor is also a manager he gets scarcely ever a chance of playing big parts.—*Hamilton Fyfe.*

Acting and the French

French audiences take acting seriously, and will not put up with the performances of untrained amateurs. They understand that it is an art, and they demand that actors shall be artists. Therefore, all French actors have to go through a course of preparation, and to learn the principles of their art.—*Evening News.*

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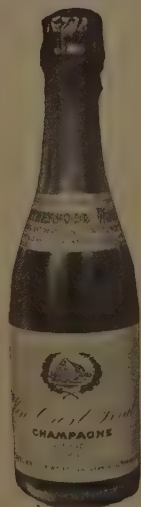
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Truth About the Ticket Speculators

(Continued from page 105.)

Paris speculator (it is against the law) you go through a performance very much like taking a drink under the Maine liquor law. You enter a neighboring *brasserie* and, after passing from one room to another, the speculator first locks the door, and then swears you to uttermost secrecy, and finally sells you the ticket as a personal favor. They are so polite about these things in France.

There is still another feature of the sidewalk nuisance that has its comic side. Most managers extenuate its existence if it is in front of their own theatre, on the ground that it is a good advertisement for the show. Of course, the sidewalk speculator does not create success, he only follows in its wake and is a symptom not a cause.

Undoubtedly the most persistent sidewalk speculation in New York is that in opera tickets. Now, the present writer witnessed this transaction under a former régime at the Metropolitan Opera House. Three sidewalk speculators entered the private offices of the managers, received their bundles of tickets, and paid for them with their checks. Three minutes later they were on Broadway hawking their tickets in front of a flaming sign which read, "Beware of speculators. Tickets purchased on the sidewalk will not be accepted at the door." Talk about any regulation being a dead letter. Well!

Of the proposed laws against theatre ticket speculation that are now before the Legislature of this State, this body proposes to make it a misdemeanor to sell theatre tickets at any except the advertised price, which, if passed, would do away with all sidewalk speculation, compel the managers to pay a commission to the hotel ticket brokers or keep all of their tickets in the box office where they really ought to be, and where the really high-toned manager desires to see them kept. In Boston the sidewalk speculator is barred by law, and in Chicago the City Councils have recently enacted a law prohibiting the sale of seats anywhere except at the box office, which seems to wipe out the hotels. In Philadelphia an ordinance before Councils to abolish the ticket speculation was killed at the command, it is said, of a prominent politician who is understood to be at the back of the principal speculator. Now the chief of police has stepped in and declares that he will abate the nuisance, but it remains to be seen what will happen in the graft-ridden Quaker town.

What does the speculator say for himself. Naturally, he claims that his is a legitimate business, and his contention is correct, because he shows you his badge, and points with pride to the fact that he has paid for it.

What does the consumer say? The consumer declares that he is being robbed.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

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Fined for Cabbaging Actor

James H. McLean, a prominent young society man of St. Louis, says the *New York Sun*, was fined \$50 for throwing two cabbages upon the stage while Clay Clement was playing "Sam Houston" in the Alamo flag scene at the Garrick Theatre on the evening of February 27. Manager Dan S. Fishell later filed a suit for \$4,000 damages; \$1,500 is for actual damages and \$2,500 for punitive damages, to defer others from throwing vegetables to the stage. Judge Tracy said from the bench that he would have fined McLean \$300 if he believed he had thrown the cabbages at either the flag of Texas or the flag of the United States.

Actors Under Three Heads

The actors on the stage of a large theatre may be classed under three disproportionate heads—a very small class who consider themselves insignificant, a very large class who content themselves with simply playing their parts without going beyond it, and a tolerably good-sized class who do their best, many of whom are great men without knowing it.—*Osservatore*.

Young Dramatists and Imitation

Young authors in general, and particularly in the drama, begin with being imitators of superior models; and if they show any tokens of originality they too often are of a crude description. It is some time before they feel the spark of genius kindle into vivid flame, capable of shining by its own light, before they feel sufficiently fledged to soar into independent flight.—*Tageblatt*.

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Players I Have Known

(Continued from page 102.)

for you?" In tones no less tragic I heard Florence retort, "Billy, dear! be d—d, I want a doctor."

Florence talked freely of the actors with whom he had been associated in his long career and spoke most affectionately of Edwin L. Davenport, whom he thought one of the best as well as most versatile of actors. He had seen him in one night play three acts of "Hamlet," then the rôle of Yankee in a farce, and end up as William in "Black-Eyed Susan." He expressed curiosity as to the result of a play about to be brought out by Chas. T. Palshe, written by Mark Twain and retitled "Harte" with a Chinese hero which he correctly predicted would be a failure, as he held that the Chinaman is an element so extraneous to our civilization and current of life and thought that he did not believe that the authors could carry him through a whole play, "for play-writing is very different from novel writing or any other writing."

Mr. Florence held that the public, not the press, decided the fate of plays and cited the long run of "The Mighty Dollar," which succeeded in spite of the almost unanimous adverse criticism of the New York papers. The one thing to be dreaded, however, was the absence of any newspaper comment whatever, for that would kill any play.

Speaking of realism on the stage, he said that once while playing a rôle in "Pizzaro," he had been given a very sharp knife with which to strike at a fellow actor who was very nervous. The knife was so sharp that it went clear through the actor's coat and shirt, just grazing the skin. The fellow was so frightened that he fell in a dead faint and lay on the stage till after the fall of the curtain before he could be revived.

After our arrival in England I witnessed, with the Florences, John T. Raymond's first performance of "The Gilded Age," in London, which was a bad failure. This was discouraging to the Florences, who were to bring out "The Mighty Dollar" in the same theatre later in the season, as they feared the English audiences would not appreciate its American humor. As a matter of fact it had but a short run. Florence had a wide acquaintance in London among people of note and helped make my stay there very pleasant. In subsequent years since I have lived in Baltimore, I saw him socially on all but his last brief visit, when he came as a member of Jefferson's 11-star company in "The Rivals," in which he made a delightful Sir Lucius O'Trigger. On one occasion he was, with Frank Mayo, my guest at a club dinner when both were in excellent humor and told many good stories. One of these told by Mr. Florence might be entitled The Florence Comet.

While on a fishing expedition to New Brunswick with a famous fishing club, of which Mr. Chas. L. Tiffany and other prominent New Yorkers were members, Mr. Florence noted that the New York Tribune was publishing every Sunday an astronomical paper by Professor Proctor. Inveterate joker as he was, it occurred to him that he would try to fool the newspaper by a pretended discovery in that line. "I know nothing about astronomy," said he, "except that the sun rises and sets, and I take the former statement on faith, as I never saw it do so; but I wrote out a half-column account of a wonderful comet, visible at a certain hour before dawn in the woods of New Brunswick. I used all sorts of mathematical, algebraic, and geometrical gibberish, and signed the article 'S. O. Thern.'" I did this as Ned Sothorn was of the fishing party and, when the fraud was discovered, I wanted to charge it to him. I mailed my manuscript and, ere long, when the next Sunday issue of the Tribune reached our camp, there was my contribution directly under Professor Proctor's learned paper. I hugged myself with joy, but told no one, and anxiously watched the succeeding Sunday issues of the paper for corrections, but none ever appeared, nor was there ever further mention of my comet. About a year later I met the senior editor of the paper at the Lotos Club in New York and said to him innocently, "What has become of that famous comet that a New Brunswick letter to your paper said was so brilliant?"

The editor gazed at me for a half moment and then said, "Billy Florence, I have a mind to thrash you. Are you the fellow I have been looking for or a year?" I laughed, and asked him whether he had ever received any corrections of my statements. He replied that dozens of them were sent to the paper but none were published as it was decided to ignore the subject rather than confess the sell. He died in 1891 and is still mourned by all who knew him intimately.

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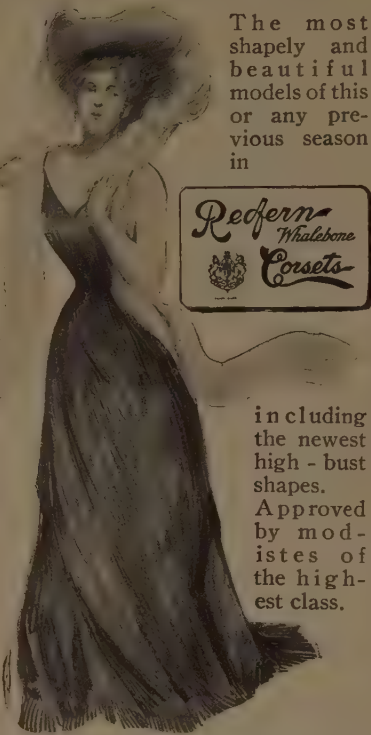
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Fatal Fascination of Playwriting

(Continued from page 99.)

torney from scores of Shakespearian characters who had gone on strike for shorter hours and higher wages—and quietly departed. When arrested later it was discovered that he was a scene-shifter and had secured his startling regalia from among the properties of the theatre.

Oddly enough, the mania for writing plays has fastened itself upon the ministry more than on any other calling. Possibly the ministerial habit of dominating and controlling audiences from the pulpit is mysteriously indigenous to the theatric instinct, with, now and then, very amusing results. A play was received from a western divine early during the current season, in which all the best characters belonged to one denomination, the villainous ones to another, the denouement forming a sort of preliminary rehearsal for the Day of Judgment.

A common characteristic of dramatic aspirants of this order is an abiding suspicion that the managers are so many spiders webbed and merely waiting for silly flies, whose plays may be appropriated without credit or reward to the authors. Scarcely a day passes but many letters are received by managers setting forth in hazy terms the scenarios of plays which the writers will be disposed to submit in manuscript if a proper guarantee is forthcoming. Another note which is rung in all its changes is that his or her play has all the best qualities of Shakespeare without any of his profane coarseness.

A few days ago a manager received the following note accompanying a beautifully written manuscript bound in burned leather, artistically pyrographed and secured with fastenings of pure gold:

"If you only knew my real name and the prominence of my family, you would, of course, welcome an opportunity to produce my play. But I desire to have it accepted on its own merits, and it must have merits, because my most intimate friends, who have seen parts of it, have pronounced it absolutely original, as well as a true picture of the best American society.

"In fact, I was so shocked and outraged by a recent novel which purported to picture New York society that I determined to write this anonymous play in reply. As you will notice, there are several blank spaces in the manuscript. They are to be filled in with lyrics and some East Side dialogue for which I am willing to pay liberally. I do hope the play will be an enormous success, not because of the royalties, for I shall never touch them, but because success is so satisfying."

My friend the Playreader, more in sorrow than cynicism, laid down this letter and took up the imposing manuscript with genuine reverence, explaining that he had been striving for days to return the manuscript, but got such pure delight in handling it that he had selfishly kept it by him. Of course, the play was hopelessly amateurish and void of any constructive merit, without which no play, however brilliant the dialogue and central idea, can hope for production.

Passing from the amusing and pathetic to the more serious phase of the situation, the principal defect in many otherwise meritorious plays submitted to representative theatrical managers and agencies is this glaring one of poor construction. Many plays are admirably conceived and written, are distinctively original and make excellent literature, but could not possibly be produced on a paying basis. Why? Possibly because of the number of characters involved, possibly because of the prohibitive amount of scenery required. When it is remembered that even the average play necessitates an outlay of from \$50,000 to \$100,000 before it begins to earn a cent of revenue, one can readily appreciate the impossibility of profitably staging a play such as was submitted to one manager recently. Of eight characters who appeared in the first act, five of them contributed really nothing to the action or interest and were not even mentioned in the succeeding three acts. Then an even dozen changes of scenery were obligatory, and the cost of the costumes, it being a gorgeous Oriental production, would have bankrupted a principality.

Another feature is quite frequently ignored by the average writer of plays, and strangely enough—the convincing element. No less a master of illusion and stagecraft than David Belasco furnished an apt illustration of this. He was discussing the first play he ever wrote—a thrilling melodrama in which the villain, played by himself, had more hair-breadth escapes than was ever allotted to the creation of a dramatist probably. The third act represented the interior of a prison

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in which the villain was confined. The audience was prepared to witness his escape, but was quite ignorant of the avenue and method, wherein, incidentally, the actor-dramatist departed from every precedent and tradition. In building his scenery he had used tissue-paper for glass panes in the prison window, and flimsy laths, painted the color of iron, for the frame.

When the time for the daring escape came, the resourceful prisoner simply applied a match to the window and leaped through the blaze, burning away his false beard and badly scorching one side of his face. The effect was superb, and the applause was liberal, despite the incongruous features of the performance.

"Having, fortunately or unfortunately, never been in jail," concluded Mr. Belasco, "I was ignorant as to the interior of one, but have since been informed that glass windows and wooden frames are not considered correct in the best-regulated prisons, which also are fireproof. I also ignored, with the sublime disregard of the immature playwright for detail, the possibility of the prisoner breaking his neck when he landed outside. His cell was on the second or third floor, but the audience was generous and western enough to overlook such trivialities."

Another ordinary failing of the would-be dramatist, to descend to commoner planes, is diffusiveness, or, in other words, a dreary desert of dialogue. As a rule, however, even the most immature playwright, unless he or she has been addicted to writing fiction, has memorized this first commandment in the decalogue of don'ts, and very frequently a play will be accompanied by a letter saying that the author has counted the number of words in a Shaw, a Barrie or a Fitch play, and that his or her play, containing quite as many scenes, is by no means so verbose. On the other hand, many plays are received with assurances from the author that he or she is willing to sell it as cheaply as such-and-such a play of which the writer has heard and which was only two-thirds as long, and yet succeeded.

All these things are characteristic of the writers of plays, and while they are incidents quite harmless and perhaps necessary, on the principle that, in the mysterious law of compensation, there must be many failures for every success, one is agitated to wonder that a people so hard-headed and nationally sensible as ourselves should number such a weird percentage of flighty and distinctly impractical units. Is the playwrighting mania, then, due to our hope and hurry for rapid riches or to a general weakness in exercising ordinary reflection? Who shall say? Meanwhile the following salutary advice, one might say admonition, given and followed by a very successful contemporary dramatist, may be memorized: Any one who thinks of writing a play should begin by studying the personality and characteristics of some actor or actress—one, for instance, who is starring in farce or vaudeville. His or her natural ambition is to do something better—the foundation of hope—and you may be the happy medium.

The Drama and the Human Heart

The drama is one of the elements of the human heart. Its influence is with all cultured people, and over all. Like the air, it blends subtly in the composition, even when we know it not.—*Nachrichten*.

Lena Ashwell, the English emotional actress, has abandoned her American tour and returned to London.

Clara Bloodgood has signed a contract with the Messrs. Shubert by which the actress is to star under their management for the next three years.

Maclyn Arbuckle, who has starred for the last three years in "The County Chairman," will originate the leading comedy rôle in "The Round Up," a new Western drama by Edmund Day.

The company now playing at the National Theatre, Christiania, including Mme. Johanna Dybwad, probably the leading actress of Norway, will make a four months' tour of the United States beginning next fall. The company will play Ibsen repertoire.

Pendant Earrings Again the Vogue

Milady with the dainty ear will be gratified to learn from Tecla, pastmaster in the latest fads and novel Parisian designs, that the long pendant earring is about to become the vogue again; earrings of other shapes are seldom seen in the Faubourg Saint-Germain to-day. What means joy to the young woman, whose ears are perfectly formed, may not please matrons to whom nature has not been generous in this direction. This coterie will try to frown down what they believe to be personally unbecoming, but Paris is a heartless arbiter of fashion, and does not pause to consider the individual. Earrings have been so persistently imitated in cheap form that Mrs. Grundy has declared a radical change necessary. M. Tecla & Co. show a large selection of these new style earrings in their New York branch, 929 Broadway.

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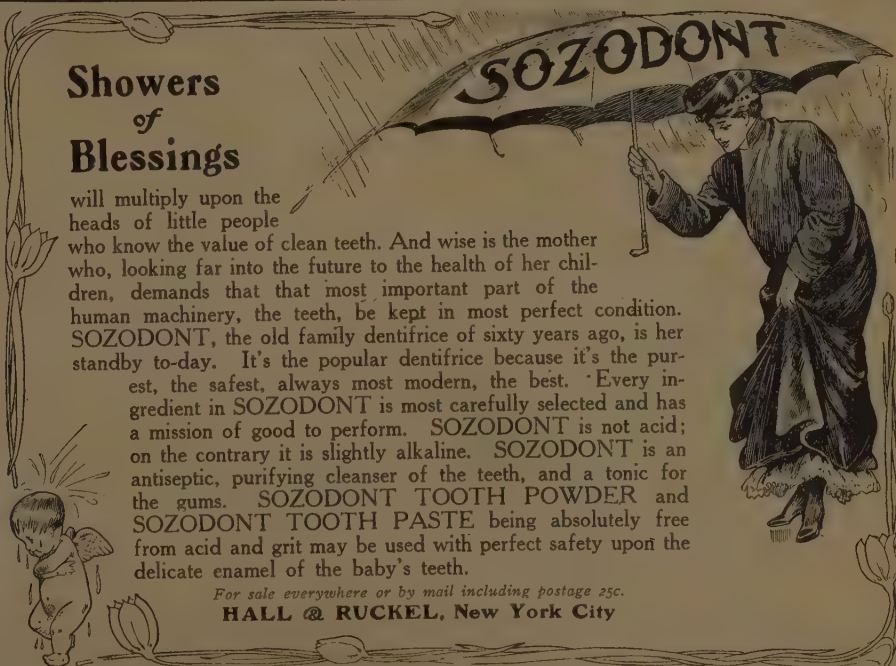
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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 90.)

certainly not a sound thinker or philosopher. The play was produced at the Herald Square with one of the best all-round casts of the season. Ferdinand Gottschalk gave a capital characterization as the slum landlord. His groveling poverty in the second act was admirably contrasted with the vulgar prosperity of the third act. William Hawtrey as Sartorius, and Herbert Kelcey as Cokane, were likewise excellent. Effie Shannon as Blanche, despite a phonographic quality of voice and an exaggerated hysteria of manner, was capable, especially in the scenes of rage into which her temper led her.

The revival of Mr. Shaw's unsavory piece "Mrs. Warren's Profession," was, we think, a managerial blunder. It is hardly likely that such a dull, uninteresting play as this could attract the theatre-going public if stripped of the sensational features which attended its initial performance by Arnold Daly at the Garrick Theatre last year. But, anyhow, Mr. Shaw now has what he hotly clamored for—the verdict of the theatre-going public untrammelled by the interference of the authorities. We hope it will satisfy him. No attempt was made by the police to stop the present production at the Manhattan Theatre. The public betrayed no particular enthusiasm, and the only persons who felt aggrieved were the speculators who were left with more tickets on their hands than they had bargained for. The play itself is likely not to succeed because its theme must be obnoxious to every healthy minded person, and no matter what lesson Mr. Shaw may have wanted to inculcate, we do not care to turn our playhouses into morgues. The present cast is a capable one, including such a fine artist as Mary Shaw, E. J. Ratcliffe and other well-known players.

NEW YORK THEATRE. "THE SPOILERS." Piece dramatized from the novel by Rex Beach and James MacArthur. Produced March 11 with this cast:

Roy Glenister, Ralph Stuart; Joe Dextray, George Osbourne; Alexander McNamara, Campbell Gollan; Wilton Struve, Edmund Elton; Arthur Stillman, Dudley Farnworth; Bill Wheaton, Louis Delmore; Count Henri, Axel Brunn; Drury Chester, Harry Burkhardt; Toby, W. F. Ryan; Peyton Jones, Walter Dickinson; Captain Stephens, of the S.S. Santa Maria, Del De Louis; Slap Jack Simms, Geo. K. Henery; Helen Chester, Evelyn Vaughan; Cherry Malotte, Harriet Worthington; The "Duchess," Gladys Hanson; Her Highness, Alice Murrell.

In some of its features, particularly in matters of detail and character and in its intent as to actual happenings, "The Spoilers" possesses freshness, virility and authenticity, and there is a marked individuality in the authorship that promises better work, with experience. On the other hand, the play does not represent the truth, the power and the sincerity that is claimed for the original novel in a note in the programme. It is too much overloaded with melodrama for that. In fact, there are so many melodramatic turns in it that to give an account of them would



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e to rival Homer's enumeration of the ships in the Greek fleet. For two acts it is the best play we have had of Western life. Its "Girl of the Golden North" promises, at the outset, to be the best of them all, for her purity is as the unmelting snow; but, while all pure women should be loved by everybody, there is no particular reason shown in the play why her particular lover should love her, keep on loving her, and finally mother her with kisses at the end. This final touch of lips is recognized as the best bit of unintentional comedy in the piece. Is not this so? Of course it is. You want the truth, don't you? Then, remedy it. How? That is something that involves the labor that should be bestowed on a play that may be made one of the very best of its kind."

One clue to that revision may be had in the act that the main action stops after the second act and has to wait until the mining case is argued and settled in the courts at San Francisco, sagues away over the sea. Time has to be killed. Some of it is passed in a dance house. Here is a scene, practically an act within an act, in the fourth act in which the spotless girl is lured to a road house by a drunken lawyer, one of the subordinate villains, with a purpose of his own entirely apart from the mining rascalities. A snow storm is raging outside. The window blinds have been shut by the innkeeper, who has conveniently gone away. There is nobody about. But there is a telephone. She faintly calls for help through it. He tears it out. She struggles, breaks away, he in pursuit like a devil with a pitchfork. They leap over chairs. She overturns the table with the lamp on it. In the meanwhile the wind has been tugging at the window blinds outside. Moonlight or stagelight breaks in on the darkness; she seizes a chair, breaks the glass and leaps through to liberty. We have said that the play is overloaded with melodrama. We do not like to repeat it, but it is necessary. The play needs revision, and when that is properly done, as it no doubt will be done, it should prosper as only the few do. In episode, detail, character and atmosphere it is exceedingly entertaining. A criticism of a play is a trial of it, very often with material evidence excluded, to which exceptions may be taken and the case referred to the court of last resort, the people. But we strongly urge the defendants to adopt our friendly suggestion as to a revision of a play abounding in such fine material and evidencing such genuine force in its authors. Why not? Why not make what is good better?

CASINO. "THE WHITE HEN." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Roderic C. Penfield. Music by Gustave Kerker. Lyrics by Roderic Penfield and Paul West. Produced February 16 with this cast:

Hensie Blindner, Louis Mann; Erich Weiss, R. C. Herz; Paul Blanche, Robert Michaelis; Lieut. Wilhelm Klopstock, Otis Sheridan; Heinrich, William F. Carroll; Pepi Gloeckner, Louise Gunning; Sonia Matemoff, Carrie Perkins; Lisa Sommer, Lotta Faust; Lottchen Spring, Leona Stephens; Hedwig, Beatrice Bertrand; Emmy, Jessa Gibson; Toni, Hattie Lorraine; Sofie, Elsa Reinhardt.

Louis Mann has returned to Broadway in one of those musical extravaganzas in which he never fails to find a congenial rôle. In this new character he is by no means seen at his best, but the piece will serve. The book, while slight, is consistent, and no worse than that of a hundred other musical comedies that prosper. Hensie Blindner, innkeeper in the Tyrol, comes to the matrimonial bureau of Mme. Matemoff to fulfill a contract of marriage with one Pepi Gloeckner, of the Vienna Theatre. After numerous mishaps with an automobile, he falls in love with Lisa, a typewriter, and is unwilling to marry Pepi. Pepi, now a popular singer, has no idea of marrying Hensie, but to spite her lover Paul pretends to be anxious for the wedding. Hensie is married twice to Lisa, who, covered with a thick veil, he, as well as the others, believe to be Pepi. A wily lawyer causes further trouble in Act II. by declaring Hensie a bigamist. Hensie, thinking bigamist some new kind of lodge, is delighted with his new honors until he finds they may separate him from Lisa, when he declines them. Pepi weakens and sets matters straight, and a sense of happily-ever-after is produced with the final curtain. Louis Mann has less opportunity than usual for the exhibition of his indisputable talents, yet he manages to keep his audiences amused. R. C. Herz as Erich Weiss, the lawyer, created an original and humorous character in musical comedy. Louise Gunning is in good voice, and was well received, and Lotta Faust is charming as Lisa. There are tuneful choruses in the play, and some of the prettiest girls seen in a Broadway production for some time.

The Ben Greet players are again in New York, this time setting up their Elizabethan stage behind Garden Theatre footlights. When Mr. Greet first came to New York with the avowed intention, as



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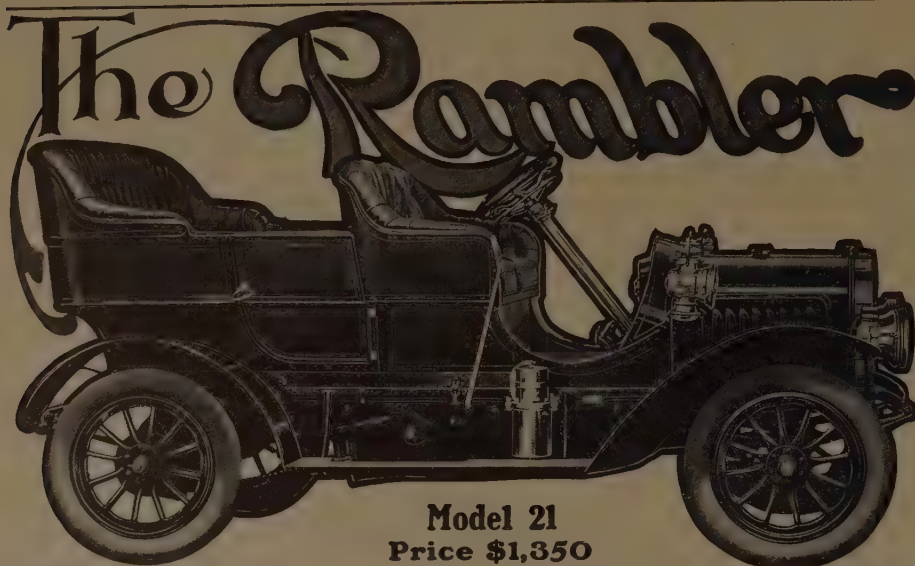
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he stated it, of giving the Shakespearian dramas, "as nearly as possible as they were written, to show their value as drama and literature, and in no spirit of opposition to the large public that prefers more scenery and less Shakespeare," lovers of the Avon bard were rejoiced. The plays were interesting historically, and, with Edith Matheson at their head, dramatically, the Greet plays became the fad of the hour. Last year, Mr. Greet still found favor in the eyes of his patrons, though the merit of the performances was distinctly lessened. This year the patronage shows signs of a greater decrease. It is not simply that the fad is dying out. Shakespeare, given with long, tiresome, uncut acts, and without the beauty of modern stage-craft, must have a counterbalancing merit of exceptional acting. The magical, if lengthy, lines must be handled with the inspirational spirit they had breathed into them in the days of David Garrick and his fellows. The present cast is mediocre and the acting gives the impression of a high-school performance.

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One of the most successful benefits ever given for that most worthy charity, the Actor's Fund of America, was a fair held at Madison Square Garden fifteen years ago when the sum of nearly \$200,000 was realized. In view of that great success, it has often been asked why another similar fair was not held, but it has been the experience that while one thing of this kind may be very successful, another one might prove less successful, if it followed too closely on the first. But since 1892 practically a new generation has grown up, and there is no reason why the monster fair to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House, from May 6 to May 11, should not prove even more successful.

The leading theatre managers and the leading actors and actresses are co-operating to insure a great success, and President Roosevelt will open the Fair by pressing an electric button at the White House. The directors of the Conried Opera Company have donated the Metropolitan Opera House rent free, and every one is contributing something to the decorations. The parquet of the Opera House will represent a street in Stratford-on-Avon, the houses being filled with articles of all kinds donated by New York merchants, and sold by the leading actresses.

E. G. Unitt, the well-known scenic artist, is art director of the fair, and all the principal scene painters and stage artisans will co-operate gratuitously on the construction work. Each New York theatre will fit up a booth to be conducted by members of the respective companies playing in New York during that week. Among the actresses who will sell articles on the floor will be Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Anglin, Frances Starr, Florence Rockwell, Anna Held, Clara Lipman, Lotta Faust, Grace Elliston, Nanette Comstock, Rose Stahl, Minnie Dupree, Eda Bruna, Aline Carter, Eleanor Robson, Carlotta Nillson, Mary Shaw, Mme. Nazimova, Louise Closser and many others. There will be scores of booths devoted to the sale of articles, with artistic, practical and historic value. There will also be a beauty contest, the competition being open to all women of the stage, regardless of personal prominence. It will be remembered that during the fair of 1892 the "Most Popular Actress" competition led to a most spirited contest, the late Georgia Cayvan winning the prize over Agnes Booth.

The officers of the fair are: Daniel Frohman, president; A. L. Erlanger, chairman Subscription Committee; Charles Burnham, chairman Fair Committee; Milton Roblee, manager; and E. D. Price, manager Promotion Department.

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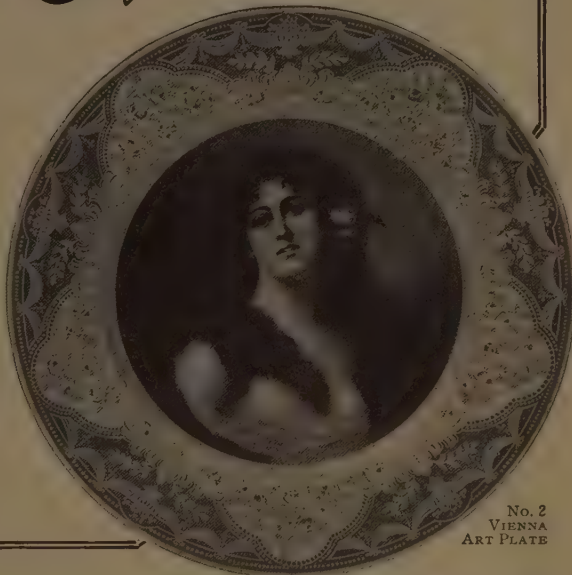
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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

A. W. E., Providence, R. I.—We have published no pictures of Franklin Woodruff.

Z. K.—Q.—Where can I obtain pictures of Agnes Scott and Miss Morgan? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

H. H. T., Cleveland, Ohio.—Q.—Will you publish pictures of Percy Haswell? A.—See January and December numbers, 1902; May and December, 1903, and June, 1905, number. Q.—Of Jane Oaker? A.—See March, 1905, number. Q.—In what was Miss Haswell recently playing? A.—In "The Measure of a Man."

J. S., Birmingham, Ala.—Write to Messrs. Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city, for any photographs of actors or actresses that you wish. They cost from 75 cents up.

Aspirant.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Edith Spere? A.—In the October, 1905, number. Q.—Of Florence Foster? A.—No. Q.—Is Edith Spere a child actress or an ingenue? A.—A child actress.

E. H. S.—I have a playlet, a pathetic story that appeals to the heart. It would be well received in vaudeville. Could you advise me where I could place it on royalty? A.—Advertise it in the dramatic papers, or see some vaudeville agent or performer desiring a sketch. Q.—Is it proper to secure royalties on one-act plays, or are they sold outright? A.—This entirely depends upon the arrangements made with the producer. Sometimes they are let on royalty, sometimes sold outright. The price paid for a one-act sketch is usually about \$500.

C. H.—Q.—Have you had an interview with Miss Marlowe? A.—In November, 1903.

C. B. L., Baltimore.—Q.—Where can I obtain a photograph of "Le Domino Rouge"? A.—Write to Messrs. Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

No Name, Chicago.—Q.—Have you ever published scenes from "The Squawman"? A.—In July, 1905. Q.—Have you ever had an interview with William Faversham? A.—In September, 1904. Q.—Is Viola Allen successful this season with "Cymbeline"? A.—She has been quite generally commended for her work in the play and the manner in which it was presented as far as stage settings go.

E. L. M., Canton, Miss.—Q.—What will Harry Woodruff play in this season? A.—He is now appearing in last season's success, "Brown of Harvard." Q.—Is he a member of the Lambs' Club? A.—Yes. Q.—When will Anna Held go to Chicago? A.—Write to her manager, Broadway Theatre, N. Y.

Constant Reader, New York.—Q.—When does Wm. J. Kelly expect to open his theatre? A.—We do not know. He is at present with Clara Bloodgood's company, and it is stated will later play Romeo and "Hamlet" in this city. Q.—Have you published a photograph of James Young? A.—In September, 1905. Q.—Has Paul MacAllister ever starred? A.—Not to our knowledge. He is leading man at Proctor-Keith's.

Shamrock, Troy.—Q.—Has Elsie Janis ever starred in "The Fortune Teller"? A.—Not to our knowledge. Q.—Did William Collier ever play in, or was he in any way connected with "The College Widow"? A.—No.

Rita C.—Q.—Was Paul Orlanoff successful here from a financial standpoint? A.—He was not, and returned to Russia. Q.—Is it at all possible to get a good stage training by being coached through the mail by a good, experienced actress? A.—Experienced people will usually tell one that the best way to be trained for the stage is to go on the stage. Q.—Is there a school for dramatic critics? A.—We have never heard of one.

Constant Reader, Denver.—Q.—Has May Buckley's picture ever appeared in your magazine? A.—In the May, 1904, and April, 1905, numbers. Q.—Where can I buy theatrical posters? A.—Possibly by writing to the managers of various companies. See article on this subject in our next issue.

M. E. T., Patchogue.—We could not possibly advise you on such a matter.

D. B. G., Toronto.—Q.—Will you give me a short sketch of the life of an actor named Sylvester, who played lago to Edwin Booth's Othello? He also played with McCulloch. A.—We regret that we have been unable to find any information about him. Q.—Will you give me the name of any book or books containing definitions of the following persons: Stage manager, stage director, property man, librettist, and all other persons connected with the production of a play? A.—Outside the unabridged dictionaries we know of no such book.

Can I obtain, and at what price, copies of "Our Players' Gallery" containing different articles and illustrations than those which appear in the September, October, and November issues? A.—Yes, there are two other collections, published at the same price, 25 cents each.

Reader, Chicago.—A sketch of Grace Elliston's life has already appeared in these columns.

F. H., Milwaukee.—Q.—Is it necessary to have a play actually produced in order to secure a copyright? A.—By sending the title of a play with a fee of one dollar to the Librarian of Congress in Washington you can copyright your play for this country. If it is desired to copyright it in England as well, it is necessary soon after or before its production in this country to give one special performance in England for copyright purposes. Q.—What size paper should be used for the manuscript? A.—This is immaterial. Not too small. Q.—Do you advise a writer to approach the managers directly or dealing through an agency? A.—In the case of an unknown writer he has more chance by approaching managers or actors, as the agency will usually not hurry to place a play of an unknown author.

F. A. H.—Q.—When and where was Sarah Bernhardt born, and in what play did she first appear? A.—Paris, 1844; in "Iphigenie." In 1862, at the Comedie Francaise. Q.—What was the first play ever produced in America, and what was the cast? A.—Col. Brown, in his "History of the Stage," states that an actor, Anthony Aston, is said to have repeatedly stated that he acted in New York City in 1732, but that the earliest performance of which he could find mention took place in September, 1732, in this city, when a company of English actors hired a large room in the upper part of a building at the juncture of Pearl street and Maiden Lane, and gave three performances a week. "The Recruiting Officer" was one of the plays produced, and although he could find no record of the cast, the following persons were members of the company: Messrs. R. Bessel, T. Henry, Drown, Eastlake, Cone, and Mmes. Drown, Chase, Centour, and Miss Brennan. Q.—Will Maude Adams go on the road with "Peter Pan"? A.—She already has.

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The Theatre Everywhere

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Albany, N. Y., March 11.—Interesting to us for its starring of a native, was "In the Bishop's Carriage" with Jessie Busley as Nance Olden. On Feb. 20 "The Grand Mogul" with Frank Moulan delighted a large house. Next came Kyrle Bellew in "A Marriage of Reason." "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" appeared on Feb. 22. Wilton Lackaye presented "The Law and the Man" on March 6. "The Gingerbread Man," "The Mayor of Tokio," Modjeska, and Lawrence D'Orsay appeared later.

WILLIAM H. HASKELL.

Altoona, Pa., March 8.—At the New Mishler Theatre Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King" delighted large audiences at three performances. "The Lion and the Mouse" drew large houses. "The Isle of Spice" was well received as on former occasions, also was "The Isle of Bong Bong." Blanche Walsh in her new play "The Straight Road" maintained the favorable impressions created on her former visits. "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and "Little Dolly Dimples" were indifferently received.

J. L. WILSON.

Atlanta, Ga., March 8.—On Feb. 4 "Our New Minister" pleased a small audience. Shepherd's Pictures on the 5th, "The Vanderbilt Cup" the 7th, "Rogers Brothers in Ireland" on the 9th, and "The Squaw Man" the 12th, were presented to good houses. Nat. Goodwin in "The Guilted Fool" on the 13th drew a packed house. On the 27th "The College Widow" played to a large and appreciative audience. Feb. 28th "Everybody Works but the Father" did poor business. The Family Theatre, a new vaudeville house, has just opened under the management of Mr. Pierson.

J. C. FRASER.

Baltimore, Md., March 9.—Frank Daniels appeared in the new comic opera, "The Tattooed Man," which had its premiere at the Academy. The Roger Bros. were well received, also "The Daughters of Men." "The Hypocrites" deserved the praise bestowed on the performance. Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott played to capacity in "Caesar and Cleopatra," in "Mice and Men" they were not so well received, but as Hamlet Mr. Robertson scored an unqualified success. Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match" had a fair week, and "Checkers" with Hans Roberts, repeated its former success. The Fawcett Stock Company at Albaugh's continues to be very popular, Rose Coghlan in Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Forget-Me-Not" scored, and Percy Haswell in "The School for Scandal" gave an excellent performance.

HARRY A. JAECKSCH.

Baton Rouge, La., Feb. 8.—On Jan. 13 "The Royal Chef" played to S. R. O. Among others that drew packed houses were: Jane Corcoran in "The Freedom of Suzanne," Harry Beresford in "The Woman Hater," Florence Davis in "The Player Maid," Chas. B. Hanford in "Cymbeline," Tim Murphy in "A Corner in Coffee," W. B. Patton in "The Slow Poke" and "Hoity Toity."

M. F. BLOOMENSTEIL.

Bay City, Mich., March 8.—Blanche Walsh in "The Straight Road" was enthusiastically received. "The Land of Nod" played to good business. "Busy Izzy" and "The Isle of Spice" held large audiences. Morgan's Comedians played four weeks' repertoire at the Alvarado Theatre and did good business. The Madison Square Stock Co. played a two weeks' engagement at the Alvarado. The Bijou is still playing to capacity.

WILL J. MOZALOUS.

Binghamton, N. Y., March 8.—Feb. 25, David Warfield appeared at the Stone in "The Music Master," breaking all house records for attendance and receipts. "Under Southern Skies" and "Little Johnny Jones" were well received. "The Gingerbread Man" was not up to expectation.

G. W. VANDA.

Boston, March 9.—Ermete Novelli, who inaugurates his brief tour in the United States by a fortnight at the Majestic, is making a deep impression in a series of widely different roles. At the Tremont Robert Mantell is concluding an engagement of three weeks. Pixley and Luder's new comic opera, "The Grand Mogul," is having a successful run at the Colonial Theatre. Hattie Williams in "The Little Cherub" made a hit, and her engagement at the Park has been extended. Annie Russell in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Robert Loraine in "Man and Superman," have each played brief engagements at the Hollis. Maxine Elliott is now appearing there in "Her Great Match" before large audiences. Mary Manning has seldom been seen to better advantage than in her new romantic play, "Glorious Betsy," by Rida Johnson Young. Few plays this season have created the interest of Lavedan's "Duel," and our keen appreciation extended to the star, Otis Skinner. A production of unusual excellence was that of "As You Like It," at the Castle Square Theatre.

HETTIE GRAY BAKER.

Bridgeport, Conn., March 11.—"Coming Thro' the Rye" played a return date Feb. 25 at Smith's Theatre, to capacity business. Feb. 26 "The Gingerbread Man" pleased a good-sized audience. Feb. 27 "The Hypocrites" played to a large gathering of the elite theatregoers. Feb. 28 "The Mayor of Tokio," like all other musical comedies, packed the theatre. March 7 "Coming Thro' the Rye" played their second return trip to S. R. O. business and turned hundreds away.

ROBERT M. SPERRY.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 9.—Viola Allen achieved a brilliant success in "Cymbeline," "Countess Jeanne" and "Love in Livorno." "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" was well received. David Warfield in "The Music Master" was greeted by immense audiences at the Lyric Theatre. Lew Fields played to a capacity house at every performance. Camille D'Arville was delightful in "The Belle of London Town."

ARTHUR J. HEIMLICH.

Burlington, Iowa, March 7.—On Feb. 7 "A Trip to Egypt" played to a small audience. "The Devil's Auction" followed, drawing its usual well-filled house. "The Warning Bell," Francis MacMillen, America's violin virtuoso, "The Time, the Place and the Girl," the Empire Stock Co. at three performances, "The Half-Breed," Kaymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Tourist," and "The College Widow," all drew good houses.

N. B. LUFTON.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, March 7.—"The Time, the Place, and the Girl," which appeared here on Feb. 19, had the record sale of seats for this season. Mabel Barrison and Joseph E. Howard in "The District Leader" returned to this city March 6, and played to another exceedingly large audience. Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Tourist," on March 6, drew a packed house. Moritz Rosenthal, the Russian pianist, gave a concert Feb. 18, and pleased a fair audience.

JOHN A. MURRAY.

Charlotte, N. C., March 8.—"The Squaw Man" played to a capacity house. "The College Widow" proved amusing and pleased. "If I Were King" with Lester Longergan in the title rôle, played to appreciative audiences.

GEO. L. VAN ECHO.

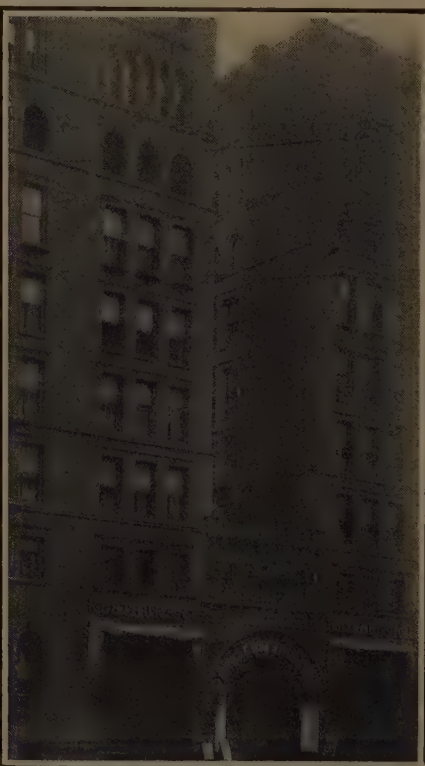


WALNUT STREET THEATRE, VICKSBURG, MISS.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 6.—"The Rogers Bros. in Ireland" drew a large audience, while George Ade's "College Widow" was given a most enthusiastic reception. Louis James presented "The Merry Wives of Windsor" most delightfully. Other attractions have been "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," "The Marriage of Kitty," "If I Were King," "The Sign of the Cross," etc. At the Bijou Hanlon's "Fantasma" and "At Cripple Creek" were favorites, playing one-week engagements to packed houses.

A. F. FARLOW.

Chicago, Ill., March 11.—Every seat for David Warfield's engagement in "The Music Master" at the Garrick was sold before the opening performance. Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" is renewing her triumph in Barrie's fantasy at the Illinois. At Powers', John Drew and Margaret Illington closed a very successful engagement.



BROADWAY THEATRE, DENVER, COLO.

ment in "His House in Order." To-night E. S. Willard inaugurates his farewell appearance in this city in a repertoire including "Col. Newcome" and "The Man Who Was." "Mr. Hopkinson" at the Grand is completing a phenomenally successful engagement. Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata" at the Studebaker pleased fair audiences by her brilliant characterization of a gloomy, tragic rôle. Thomas W. Ross began his limited engagement in Thomas' comedy "The Other Girl" seen in this city for the first time. Wright Lorimer begins his final week at McVicker's in "The Shepherd King." Sarah Truax has joined the Bush Temple Stock Company as leading woman, giving stability and tone exceptionally clever performances of "Tribby," "Sweeney" and "La Tosca."

L. FRANCIS PIERCE.

Colorado Springs, Col., March 6.—On Feb. 16 "Sageant Kitty" drew a good house. "The Ragged Messenger" on the 18th played to a small house. "Sapho" "The Lilac Room," Primrose's Minstrels, and Theodore Lorch played successful engagements.

HOMER B. SNYDER.

Columbus, Ohio, March 6.—Among recent attractions were Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King," the B. Greet Players, Mildred Holland, John Drew, Lou James, Blanche Walsh in "The Straight Road," Frank Moulan in a return engagement of "The Grand Mogul," "The College Widow," Francis Wilson, Jane Corcoran in "The Freedom of Suzanne," and Fritz Scheff in "Mille Modiste." March opened with a week's run of the "Lion and the Mouse." Cyril Scott in "The Pinner of Chapp" did a good business on his third visit, and "Powers That Be," by Avery Hopwood, author of "Clothes," proved very good. Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata" was enjoyed, as was Thos. Ross in "The Other Girl."

R. B. SHAW.

Creston, Iowa, Dec. 2.—"The Girl and the Band" played to a large audience on Nov. 10 and gave satisfaction. "The Minister's Son" on the 14th was well received by a small audience. "Buster Brown" again put on a visit on the 24th, and was greeted by a large enthusiastic house. "Wave Niagara Falls," "The Shifter" and "A Thorn in Her Heart," were greeted with small audiences.

JOSEPH P. LEUCK.

Dallas, Tex., March 4.—"The most excellent attraction of the month was Crane and Jeffrey's presentation of "She Stoops to Conquer," although Marie Cahill in "Marrying Mary" won much favor. Very enjoyed were Lillian Russell in "The Butterfly" and Tim Murphy in "A Corner in Coffee," while "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was also well received. Both "The Yankee Consul" and "The Gingerbread Man" were favored by large audiences, and "The Black Crook" did well. "Houston" at the Majestic Theatre was well patronized. Excellent vaudeville and large audiences still continue at the local Majestic.

M. S. FRIE.

Decatur, Ill., March 6.—Ezra Kendall in "Swell-gant Jones" pleased a large audience. "The College Widow" drew good houses. The Myrtle-Harder Repertoire Company drew well. "The Isle of Spice" at performances played to fair houses.

Denver, Colo., March 3.—Joe Howard and Mable E. Lison in "The District Leader," Amelia Bingham in "Lilac Room," Nance O'Neill in "Magda" and "The Sereress," and Olga Nethersole, seen for the first time here, were thoroughly enjoyed. Other attractions have been James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo" and Helen Byron in "Sergeant Kitty."

C. CYRIL CROFT.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 9.—For one week "A Prince of India" played to well-filled houses at the Auditorium. Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Moon" drew large houses. On March 6 "The Clansman" played two performances, and on the 7th Raymond Hitchcock filled the house in "The Yankee Tourist."

H. P. W.

Detroit, Mich., March 8.—Robert Mantell opened a month at the Detroit Opera House in Shakespearean repertoire. "The Lion and the Mouse," with Arthur Byron, drew the best attendance of the season. Frank Wilson in "The Mountain Climber" satisfied his admirers. This was followed by one of Manager Whitney's own attractions, "The Land of Nod," a new spectacular extravaganza en route East for its first presentation. New York April 1. Grace George in "Clothes" was particularly pleasing to the feminine quota of her audience. Robert Edson in "Strongheart" found the same appreciative audiences which have greeted him everywhere. Julia Sanderson was captivating in her songs at the Temple. The Whitney varied its melodramatic offerings by presenting Billy Clifford in "A Jolly Baron."

R. V. WARMAN.

Duluth, Minn., March 7.—"The most notable offering of the past month were E. S. Willard in repertoire of Blanche Walsh in Clyde Fitch's "The Straight Road," "The Sultan of Sulu," "The Little Duchess" and "The District Leader" were well received.

E. F. FURBER.

East Liverpool, Ohio, March 9.—"Arizona," "A Day for Liberty," Maclay Arbuckle in "The County Clerk" and Ruth Chester in "The Woman in the Moon" played to good houses. The Alhambra Stock Company the Hofman Moving Pictures, George Sidney in "Is Izzy's Vacation," Robert Fitzsimmons in "A Fight for Love," Blanche Hall in "Zaza," Kathryn Purnell in "Sapho," "Wonderland," and the Murray-Mackey Comedy Company also delighted large audiences.

FRED A. KODAK.

Elmira, N. Y., March 9.—Jefferson De Angelis appeared in "The Girl and the Governor." "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" with Fay Templeton and Victor Moore was well received. Andrew Mack and Clarence Olcott vied for honors in the Celtic drama, and the Johnson, Minstrels, had things their own way in production of unusual excellence was the appearance of Viola Allen in "Cymbeline," Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," and "Little Johnny Jones," all pleased. The Family Theatre continues to put forth excellent vaudeville to capacity business.

J. MAXWELL BIRD.

Evansville, Ind., March 10.—At the Wells-Bijou, Ezra Kendall in "Swell Elegant Jones" was well received. "Parsifal" was given a warm welcome, and the old favorite "Fantasma" drew the largest houses of the season. The offerings at the Grand were excellent and included Alberta Gallatin in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "The College Widow," "Buster Brown" and "The Gingerbread Man." The Bijou Stock Co. at the Horton Bijou continues to draw good houses with excellent hits.

ROBERT L. ONE.

Fargo, N. D., March 7.—"Madame Butterfly" delighted a large audience on the 23d. "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" with Roselle Knott in the title rôle, pleased an audience.

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ciative audience. "The Red Feather" and McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree" drew very well. The Grand continues to present good bills and is becoming an established feature in local amusements. HARRY WILK.

Green Bay, Wis., Feb. 4.—The enthusiastic reception that greeted the Savage English Grand Opera Company who sang "Madame Butterfly," is convincing proof that Green Bay can appreciate good things. Florence Easton sang the title role. Paul Armstrong's "The Heir to the Hoorah," with Guy Bates Post, was another much-talked-of attraction. S. Miller Kent scored in "Raffles." Florence Gale gave a single performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" preceded by "Nance Oldfield."

JAMES WALLLEN.

Haverhill, Mass., March 8.—The Haverhill Orchestral Club gave a symphony concert with 75 musicians. Joseph King's "East Lynne" company drew a fair house. Mary Shaw in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" was greeted by good houses. B. C. Whitney's "Piff, Paff, Pout" played on Washington's Birthday.

DANIEL N. CASEY.

Hazleton, Pa., March 9.—The Taylor Stock Company held the boards for the week of Feb. 18, and were accorded good business. The other attractions were "At Piney Ridge" and "The High Flyers." "The Lion and the Mouse" drew the largest house of the season. "The Prince of Pilsen" delighted a large audience. "Uncle Josh Spruceby" appeared on March 5 and "Billy Kerand's Minstrels" on the 9th.

W. H. GREEN.

Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 28.—Among the attractions of the past month were Anna Day in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Mabel Montgomery in "A Message from Mars," "The Sign of the Cross," the Donnelly and Hatfield Minstrels and the Lyman Twins in "The Rustlers."

ROBT. L. SCHEFFMAN.

Hutchinson, Kan., March 5.—John Griffith's "Richard III" was the star attraction of the month. W. B. Patton pleased a good house in "The Slow Poke." Other plays were "Two College Boys," "Thelma," "As Told in the Hills," "The Village Vagabond," "The Mikado," "Maharajah's Minstrels," and "Fra Diavolo." The "Rose" vaudeville house continues to present the best.

LESLIE A. CAIN.

Janesville, Wis., March 5.—"Eight Bells" played to a fair-sized audience Feb. 2. The Gans-Nelson fight pictures disappointed a large number. "The Girl and the Bandit" drew a good house. Three performances were given by the Dalrymple Comedy Company. "Raffles" was presented at two performances Feb. 20. "The Heir to the Hoorah" made a second visit. "The Little Joker" and "Way Down East" were both well patronized.

H. B. FIFIELD.

Jackson, Mich., March 9.—Chas. Grapewin in "The Awakening of Mr. Pips" played to a delighted audience on the 13th. Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys" did a fair business the 16th. "The Freedom of Suzanne," "The Land of Nod" and Eva Tanguay in "A Good Fellow" drew good houses. The Bijou is drawing well at three performances daily.

W. W. REID.

Jackson, Miss., March 8.—Among the good plays of the month were "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Max Figma in "The Man on the Box," Louis James in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nat Goodwin in "The Gilded Fool," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Holy City," Miss Adelaide Thurston, the Rays, and "A Message from Mars."

Jacksonville, Ill., March 10.—"The Isle of Spice" pleased a large audience. Eugene Blair in "The Woman in the Case" gave an excellent performance. Emma Carus in "Too Near Home" delighted a full house. "The Heir to the Hoorah," with Guy Bates Post, played to a large audience. The foremost attraction of the past month was "The College Widow." March 9 the Odeon Stock Company of St. Louis presented "Camille," with Beulah Lurton Roseberry in the title role.

JAMES A. POWERS.

Joliet, Ill., March 4.—Andrew Mack scored heavily at two performances of "The Girl and the Bandit" and also did Ezra Kendall in "Sweet Elegant Jones." "Way Down East" was welcomed by a packed house. "Too Near Home," with Emma Carus, gave two excellent performances on Washington's Birthday. "The Heir to the Hoorah" drew well. "The Girl and the Bandit" with Viola Gillette, caused the S. R. O. sign to prevail. Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Tourist" met with splendid patronage. Al. G. Fields drew capacity houses on March 3.

BLANDINE STEVENS.

Lima, Ohio, March 1.—"Human Hearts" Mary Emerson in "His Majesty and the Maid," Mildred Holland in "A Paradise of Lies," and Modjeska in "Macbeth" received a generous welcome. Feb. 12 "Wonderland," the 14th "Rufus Rastus," the 18th "In New York Town," and "When Harvest Days Are Over" the 19th, met with a cordial reception. Robert Fitzsimmons appeared Feb. 20 in "A Fight for Love," the 25th "Raffles" struck the popular fancy, "The Show Girl" on the 27th proved delightful.

DONALD MACDONALD.

Lincoln, Neb., March 6.—Musical comedies have predominated for the month, as well as well-known plays, the attractions following: "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," "The Gingerbread Man," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," "The Yankee Tourist," "The Marriage of Kitty," "The Girl from Out Yonder," "The Four Mortons in 'Breaking into Society,'" John Griffith in "King Richard III," James K. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho," and Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian." The Bijou and the Lyric, vaudeville houses, have presented excellent bills, and crowded houses have been the rule.

H. DEAN DONALDSON.

Massillon, Ohio, March 9.—"Arizona" did well on its annual return on the 13th. Mary Hall in "The Girl of the Golden West" and Kathryn Osterman in "The Girl Who Looks Like Me," delighted two of the largest houses of the season. "Uncle Josh Perkins" on the 5th and Robert Fitzsimmons on the 28th drew well. The management of the Armory Theatre has arranged with Frederick G. Nixon-Nirdlinger, general manager of the Ohio Circuit Association, for entrance to the Ohio Circuit Association, which is in fact the Ohio branch of the great theatrical syndicate, and that the Armory Theatre will be the scene of plays for a long period of years that will appear in other first-class theatres in Ohio.

R. B. CRAWFORD.

Memphis, Tenn., March 7.—Maude Fealey in "The Illusion of Beatrice" drew good houses at three performances. "The Lion and the Mouse," seen here for the first time, was pronounced fine. Sousa's opera "The Free Lance," with Cawthorne in the cast, was excellent. Next came Harry Beresford in "The Woman Hater." Max Figma in "The Man on the Box" was enjoyable. Lillian Russell packed the Lyceum. Jas. K. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho" pleased large audiences. At the Bijou, the Rays in "Down the Pike" was the strongest drawing-card. Vaudeville at the Grand becomes more popular weekly.

EDW. F. GOLDSMITH.

Middletown, Conn., March 11.—February 11 to 16 the Avery Strong Company in repertoire played to good business. March 6 "The Moonshiner's Daughter" appeared to a small house. March 9 Mary Shaw's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," matinee and night, gave much pleasure. The McDonough Theatre, which has been closed for over a

year, has opened as a Nickel Theatre, giving continuous performance with moving pictures, and is drawing crowded houses.

C. B. HALSEY.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 6.—The Bijou is offering attractions such as "The Woman in the Case" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The Frawleys are presenting "Richard Carvel." The Orpheum Road Show packed the Orpheum week of March 4.

JACOB WILK.

Mobile, Ala., March 5.—On Feb. 6 Lillian Russell in "The Girl and the Bandit" pleased a full house. Sousa's "The Free Lance" played to two crowded houses. For the Carnival, Mgr. Tannenbaum offered four performances of "The College Widow," "The Illusion of Beatrice," "The Sign of the Cross," and "The Rustlers" did fairly well. Nat Goodwin in "When We Were Twenty-one" played to a small house, which is somewhat unusual, although "The Genius" drew better. On the 25th, Marie Cahill appeared in "The Girl from Out Yonder" played to two well-filled houses.

KATHERYN KIRK.

Portsmouth, N. H., March 6.—The earlier part of the month Eddie Foy appeared in "The Earl and the Girl." On the 8th, Moriz Rosenthal gave a recital under the auspices of the musical department of the West Virginia University. Later Ben Greet and his company of English players presented "Everyman" and "The Merchant of Venice." B. C. Whitney's "Isle of Bong Bong" followed. The last week was devoted to stock, both at Swisher's and Christy's theatres, respectively, appearing the Van Dyke-Eaton Companies, respectively, appearing.

ARTHUR S. DAYTON.

New Haven, Conn., March 9.—Louis Mann was well received in "The Girl from Vienna," and Lew Dockstader drew capacity houses to see him in his minstrel show. Mrs. Fiske brought out large numbers to see her in "The New York Idea." DeWolf Hopper came back for the third time in "Happyland" and delighted large audiences. Leslie Faber scored a hit in "The Hypocrites." Poli's Vaudeville Theatre still continues to be a very popular resort.

GEORGE WRIGHT KYBD.

New Orleans, La., March 4.—"The College Widow" made us a visit at the Tulane and was well received. Joe Cawthorne in "The Free Lance" and Sousa made a hit. Marie Cahill in "The Girl from Out Yonder" pleased large audiences, being followed by Nat C. Goodwin in repertoire. At the Crescent "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Down the Pike" were the star attractions. Johnny Ray is the same comedian who was much appreciated here several years ago in "A Hot Old Time." The Shubert has given us Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap." Then followed "Mrs. Templeton's Telegram." The Orpheum continues to present the best in vaudeville. The Brown-Baker Stock Company caters to the lovers of melodrama at the Lyric, and so does the Baldwin Melville Stock Company at the Baldwin. The Greenwall stands for burlesque.

GUS A. LLAMBIAS.

Oklahoma City, Okla., March 4.—"The Royal Slave," "Ole Olson," and Creston Clarke on his annual visit were greeted by well-filled houses. "The Yankee Consul" played to capacity the 7th. "Faust," "The Tenderfoot," James O'Neil in "Monte Cristo," "The Black Crook," Galvani, Richard Pringle's Minstrels, and Tim Murphy in "A Corner in Coffee," played to well-filled houses.

A. D. ENGELSMA.

Omaha, Neb., March 4.—Recent attractions have included Lillian Russell in "The Butterfly," J. K. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho," "The Prince of India," which for one week did record business, and Olga Netherole, Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak" and "The Lilac Room," with Amelia Bingham pleased. "The Lion and the Mouse" seems to add a deeper interest on each visit. "Sergeant Kitty" enjoyed a good run.

SAM E. SMYTH.

Oswego, N. Y., March 9.—"The Isle of Spice," "Stetson's Uncle Tom," and Chauncey Olcott all drew capacity houses. Shepherd's Pictures did a good business, and the Mamie Fleming Stock Company drew well. Business at the Flemining Theatre, under the management of W. A. Wesley, has far exceeded all previous records.

M. J. WIGGINS.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 4.—Percy Williams acquired a nine-years' lease on the Chestnut Street Theatre, and will present straight vaudeville. Klaw and Erlanger have also completed plans to turn the Garrick into a vaudeville house. This will make three theatres on Chestnut street within a block of each other. The first time in Philadelphia, in Italian, Puccini's Japanese opera "Madame Butterfly" was given at the Academy of Music, with emphatic success. "Peter Pan," long awaited, was seen here for the first time at the Broad Street Theatre. Maude Adams captivated the audiences that crowded the house at every performance. "The Marriage of Reason," with Kyrie Bellew and a company of well-known players, appeared at the Chestnut Street Opera House. Harry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard" played at the Lyric. At the Walnut "The Bishop's Carriage" was followed by "The Spoilers" and "His Honor the Mayor." May Irwin in "Mrs. Wilson Andrews" was the attraction at the Chestnut that closed this theatre under the Nixon and Zimmerman régime, that has controlled its destinies since 1883.

R. H. RUSSELL.

Pine Bluff, Ark., March 7.—Maude Fealey made her initial visit here in "The Illusion of Beatrice." Thomas Dixon's play, "The One Woman," was conceded to be one of the best of the season. Max Figma was seen in "The Man on the Box." "Parsifal" will be the attraction for March 8. A new summer theatre will open here some time in April.

CHAS. A. GORDON.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 11.—Pittsburg has never had a more prosperous month among the playhouses. At the Belasco Thomas W. Ross in "The Other Girl" led in popularity, and two musical comedies of real merit, "The Tourists" and "The Blue Moon," strong in both principals and chorus, were well received. At the Nixon Arthur Byron and Gertrude Coghlan in "The Lion and the Mouse" proved acceptable, but the play deserved a better supporting company. Maude Adams, also too short engagements in "Peter Pan" delighted the grown-ups as well as the children. We do "believe in fairies," here, Viola Allen presented Shakespeare's ideal woman, "Cymbeline," as well as "Twelfth Night" and "Love in Livery." The best things seen at the Alvin were "The Wizard of Oz" and Miller Kent in "Mr. Raffles." Ben Greet and his players in Shakespeare unadorned proved to have a strong following at Carnegie Music Hall.

HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Portsmouth, Ohio, March 7.—Kathryn Osterman in "The Girl That Looks Like Me" played record business engagements Feb. 14 to a capacity house. Mrs. Temple's Telegram, the 16th, pleased a large audience. The Jewell-Kelley Stock Company and the American Stock Company each remained for one week. "Buster Brown," "The Squaw Man," and "The Mayor of Laughtland" did excellent business. Mgr. C. F. Higley of the Grand, will have the management of the Millbrook Casino the coming summer.

ROY McELHANEY.

Reading, Pa., March 5.—Feb. 25 "The Girl from the Ranch" was played at the Academy of Music. The 26th Wilton Lackaye presented "The Law and the Man," which was enjoyed by a full house. Feb. 27 Francis

Wilson in "The Mountain Climber" pleased a large audience. "Happy Hooligan's Trip Around the World" and "Human Hearts" were enjoyed. The Orpheum continues to present attractive bills.

MATTHEW H. GERY.

Rockford, Ill., March 6.—Eva Tanguay drew crowded houses for two performances Feb. 9. "The Woman Mystery," Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker," and "East Lynne" did a fair business. Ezra Kendall in "Sweet Elegant Jones," matinee and night, had two good houses Feb. 16. E. S. Willard Feb. 18 in double bill, "David Garrick" and "The Man Who Was," delighted a full house. "The Heir to the Hoorah," drew two full houses on Feb. 22. "The Village Parson," fair house. Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak" Feb. 25 deserved a better house. Feb. 27 "Way Down East," seen here several times in the past, drew two full houses. Al. G. Field's Minstrels pleased a full house March 5.

A. MCG. HUFFMAN.

Salina, Kan., March 8.—Kellogg, The Bird Man, delivered a very interesting lecture to a large audience. "Thorns and Orange Blossoms," "Sweet Clover" and "The Rajah of Bhong," all gave satisfaction. The Irma Opera Company presented "Adorable Fritz," to a good house, and soon after played a return engagement. "Romeo and Juliet," "The Village Vagabond" and "Peck's Bad Boy" were not so well received. Ralph Riggs made a hit in "The College Boy." The Boston Ideal Opera Company presented "The Mikado."

P. L. PIERCE.

Selma, Ala., March 7.—"The Sign of the Cross" on Feb. 26 played to a good business. On March 2 Adelaide Thurston in "The Girl from Over Yonder" drew a capacity house. Max Figma in "The Man on the Box" and "The Yankee Consul" drew large houses. "The Rustlers" and the Dandy Dixie Minstrels did well.

ED. LILIENTHAL.

Sioux City, Iowa, March 6.—February brought James K. Hackett, Florence Roberts, Amelia Bingham and the Woodward Stock Company, under Southern Skies' made its annual visit and "A Stranger in Town" stopped several days. "The Time, the Place and the Girl" drew a large audience. "The Lion and the Mouse," Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Tourist" and Lillian Russell in "The Butterfly," were attractions which lent exceptional interest to the first week of March.

H. F. INGERSOLL.

Sioux Falls, S. D., March 5.—The past month brought Grace Merritt in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." This was followed by "A Stranger in Town," which did fair business. "The Royal Che" displayed the S. R. O. sign also. "The Clansman," "The Time, the Place, and the Girl" proved the strongest drawing-card of the season. The Bijou is attracting capacity houses with moving pictures and vaudeville.

HARRY I. LURIE.

Springfield, Ill., March 8.—"The Land of Nod" played a return engagement, and was well received. Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber" made a hit. "The Isle of Spice," as usual, drew a packed house, followed by "The Clansman." James K. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho" received a hearty welcome. Emma Carus in "Too Near Home" pleased. The Girl and the Bandit, J. Corbett in "The Burglar and the Lady" drew large audiences.

RAYMOND BAHR.

Springfield, Mo., Feb. 28.—Chas. B. Hanford presented "Julius Caesar" on Feb. 2 to a fair house. "The Yankee Consul" on the 3d did good business, and also "The Gingerbread Man" on the 4th. "The Sign of the Cross" the 6th. Black Crook, Jr., Burlesquers the 9th. Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" pleased a large audience on the 10th. The Flints were here the week of Feb. 11 to 17. "The Tenderfoot" drew a good house the 18th. as did "The Isle of Spice" the 23d. Thomas Dixon's "The One Woman" presented here on the 24th, was one of the strongest plays seen here this year. The universal opinion of Springfield theatregoers is that the best play this season was "The Lion and the Mouse" on the 26th, which did capacity business.

H. M. THOMAS.

St. Paul, Minn., March 9.—The Savage Opera Company in "Madame Butterfly," at every performance, pleased large audiences. "The Girl and the Bandit" followed. Among other attractions were "The Prince of India," "The District Leader," "The Time, the Place and the Girl," Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker," and Mr. S. Willard in repertoire. The Grand has done its usual business. The Orpheum is growing in popularity, and the Windsor is enlarging its amusement features from time to time.

HOWARD ALTON TREAT.

Stillwater, Minn., March 2.—Hilda Thomas in "The Show Girl" and "She Stoops to Conquer" were presented to large audiences. James Francis O'Donnell, lecturer, who read "The Sign of the Cross," The Manning Glee Club, and Durno, the magician, were well received. "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" drew capacity houses. Viola Gillette in "The Girl and the Bandit" played to an appreciative audience.

EDW. H. JENKS.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 11.—Elsie Janis in "The Vanderbilt Cup" was generally well received. Hackett, Fay Templeton and Vernon Moore in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," Viola Allen in "Cymbeline" played to large audiences. Al. G. Field's Minstrels, Chauncey Olcott, Thos. Jefferson and "The Spoilers" were well received. The Grand continues to draw with vaudeville as the attraction, while the Bastable still plays to packed houses.

EDWARD C. HEISE.

Tacoma, Wash., March 1.—As a fitting close to an eminently successful month, Henry Herald of the Tacoma Theatre offered the Henry Herald's Savage opera "Madame Butterfly." The Columbia Theatre in the title rôle was greeted by a capacity house. McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree" amused a large audience. Isabel Irving in "Susan in Search of a Husband," W. H. Crane and Ellis Jeffreys in "She Stoops to Conquer," and Paul Gilmore in "At Yale" were among the earlier attractions of the month. At the Grand Theatre Manager Worley presented a number of new and attractive acts that drew the usual large attendance.

F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Waterbury, Conn., March 7.—"Man and Superman" pleased a fair-sized audience. "The Ninety and Nine" made its usual hit. Geo. C. Colburn played to a large Washington, D. C., audience. One of the largest houses of the season, "Confessions of a Wife," "Dora Thorne," the Four Huntings, "Coming Thro' the Rye," "A Message from Mars," "If I Were King," Joe Welch in "The Shoemaker," "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," David Higgins in "His Last Dollar," "The Gingerbread Man," "The Hypocrites" and "The Mayor of Tokio" numbered among the successful attractions.

C. HALL.

Wilmington, N. C., March 5.—"Parsifal" on Feb. 7 was greeted by a crowded house. The Peruch-Gypsies Company played week of repertoire commencing on the 18th. It is probable that a new playhouse will be completed next season.

THOS. W. FRITCHARD.

Williamsport, Pa., March 4.—Feb. 2 Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl" was received by good houses. On the 18th Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard" thoroughly delighted a large audience. "The Lion and the Mouse" won the unanimous approval of a capacity audience. The 26th Viola Allen appeared—a charming Imogen—in "Cymbeline." "The Isle of Bong Bong" was received by a well-filled house.

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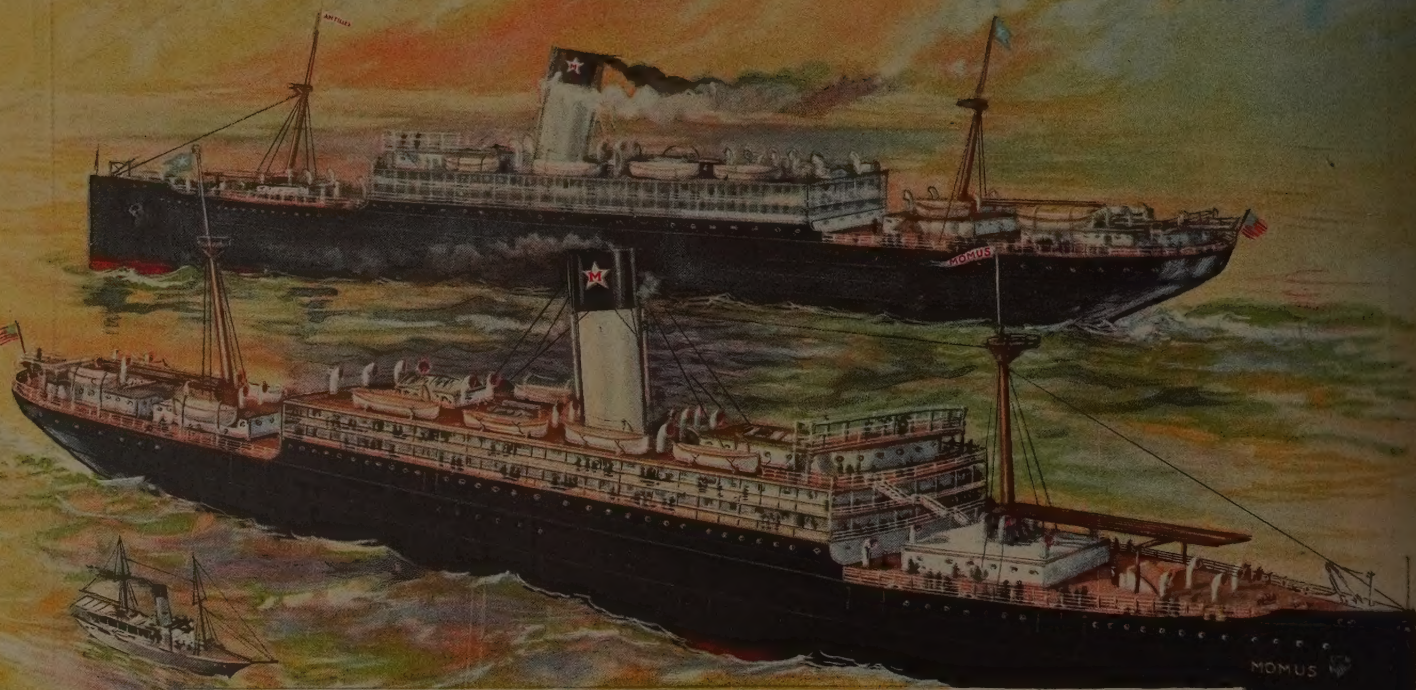
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